

LONDON

Marc Blitzstein

REGINA

Ciesinski • Ramey • Réaux • Greenawald
John Mauceri

2 COMPACT DISCS
BOOKLET ENCLOSED
DIGITAL
433 812-2 [LH02]

LONDON

DIGITAL

LONDON

Marc Blitzstein

REGINA

Ciesinski • Ramey • Réaux • Greenawald

John Mauceri

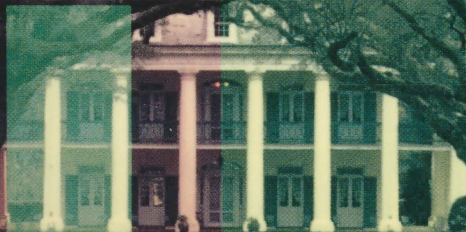


John Mauceri

SCOTTISH OPERA ORCHESTRA & CHORUS

REGINA

Marc Blitzstein



Katherine Ciesinski

Samuel Ramey

Angelina Réaux

Sheri Greenawald



2 COMPACT DISCS
BOOKLET ENCLOSED
DIGITAL

433 812-2 [LH02]

433 812-2 LHOZ



Marc Blitzstein (1905-1964)

REGINA

Regina Giddens	Katherine Ciesinski
Horace Giddens	Samuel Ramey
Alexandra Giddens	Angelina Réaux
Birdie Hubbard	Sheri Greenawald
Oscar Hubbard	James Maddalena
Benjamin Hubbard	Timothy Noble
Leo Hubbard	David Kuebler
Addie	Theresa Merritt
Cal	Bruce Hubbard

Scottish Opera Orchestra & Chorus
John Mauceri

Total timing 152.24

DDD

© 1992 The Decca Record Company Limited, London
© 1992 The Decca Record Company Limited, London
London Records, a division of PolyGram Records, Inc.,
New York, N.Y.
CD is made in USA. Printed in USA

LONDON

LONDON

CIESINSKI · RAMEY · MAUCERI

LONDON
433 812-2

LH1012

John Mauceri

SCOTTISH OPERA ORCHESTRA & CHORUS

REGINA

Marc Blitzstein

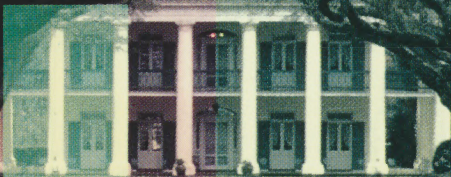


Katherine Ciesinski

Samuel Ramey

Angelina Réaux

Sheri Greenawald



BLITZSTEIN: REGINA

2CD

CIESINSKI · RAMEY · MAUCERI

LONDON
433 812-2

LH02

LH02



© 1992 The Decca Record Company Limited, London
© 1992 The Decca Record Company Limited, London
LONDON RECORDS, a division of PolyGram Records, Inc.,
New York, N.Y.
CD is made in USA
2 Printed in USA. Made in USA



Regal Trade Mark
THE DECCA RECORD
COMPANY LIMITED
London, England

Marc Blitzstein (1905-1964)

REGINA

Regina Giddens
Horace Giddens
Alexandra Giddens
Birdie Hubbard
Oscar Hubbard
Benjamin Hubbard
Leo Hubbard
Addie
Cal

Katherine Ciesinski
Samuel Ramey
Angelina Réaux
Sheri Greenawald
James Maddalena
Timothy Noble
David Kuebler
Theresa Merritt
Bruce Hubbard

Scottish Opera Orchestra & Chorus
John Mauceri

Total timing 152.24

DDD

BLITZSTEIN: REGINA

2 CD

Blitzstein

REGINA





BEST SEVEN

Marc Blitzstein
1905-1964

REGINA

After the play
The Little Foxes
by
Lillian Hellman

Original version restored by Tommy Krasker and John Mauceri

Regina Giddens	Katherine Ciesinski
Alexandra Giddens (Zan).....	Angelina Réaux
Birdie Hubbard	Sheri Greenawald
Addie	Theresa Merritt
Horace Giddens.....	Samuel Ramey
Benjamin Hubbard	Timothy Noble
Oscar Hubbard.....	James Maddalena
Leo Hubbard.....	David Kuebler
Cal.....	Bruce Hubbard*
William Marshall.....	David Morrison
Jazz	Tim Johnson
John Bagtry	Scott Cooper
Cordelia Adair.....	Jeanette Wilson
Ethelinda Horns	Katie Morrell
Joe Horns	William Peel
Miles Maury.....	John Beazley
Mr Manders	Graeme Danby
Maestro.....	John Mauceri

(*Bruce Hubbard: 1952-1991)

Chorus of Townspeople, etc.

Angel Band

Andy Harewood
Clarence Adoo
Trevor Alexander Edwards
Alan Weekes
Victor Starkey

clarinet
trumpet
trombone
guitar/banjo
traps

Chamber Trio

Ben Buurman
Richard Glynn
Gerald Martin Moore

violin
cello
piano

Chief repetiteur: Gerald Martin Moore
Drama coach: Mary Munger

Scottish Opera Chorus

Chorus master: Stephen Harris

Scottish Opera Orchestra

Assistant conductor: Steven Lipsitt

Music Director
JOHN MAUCERI

CONTENTS

	Page
CD (Compact Disc) cue points	7
Marc Blitzstein, 1905-64	10
Lillian Hellman, 1905-84	11
Blitzstein, Hellman and <i>Regina</i>	13
<i>Patrick O'Connor</i>	18
<i>Regina</i> restored	21
<i>Tommy Trasker</i>	22
A note by the conductor	24
Synopsis	
Libretto	



Marc Blitzstein in 1943
Photo: UPI/Bettmann

John Wenzel. Photo: Eric Theodun



John Mauceri. Photo: Eric Thorburn

CD 1 433 813-2 77.59

Timing Page

1 Prologue

9.13 24

ACT ONE

2	No.1: Intro	1.52	28
3	No.2: Birdie	4.28	28
4	No.3: Small Talk	8.15	29
5	No.4: Goodbyes	1.57	34
6	No.5: Big Rich	4.04	34
7	No.6a: I don't know	4.30	38
8	No.6b: My, my	4.26	40
9	No.7a: Away	4.42	42
10	No.7b: The best thing of all	2.43	43
11	No.7c: What will it be	2.18	44
12	No.8: Birdie and Zan	1.53	45

ACT TWO

Scene 1

13	No.1: Oh, Addie, where are you?	1.41	46
14	No.2: Deedle doodle	1.27	47
15	No.3: These cee-gars what you looking for, son?	5.14	48
16	No.4: Horace's entrance	4.35	51
17	No.5: Greetings	3.20	52
18	No.6: Horace and Regina	9.05	54
19	No.7: The Business	2.03	59

Katharina Gieselski. Photo: Eric Thorburn

Scene 2

1	No.1: Gottschalk	2.19	61
2	No.2: Sing Hubbard	4.00	62
3	No.3: Transition	0.28	63
4	No.4a: Polka	2.31	63
5	No.4b: Chinkypin	5.48	65
6	No.5: Blues	5.01	68
7	No.6: Waltz	4.30	69
8	No.7: Intro and Gallop	3.18	70

ACT THREE

9	No.1: Rain Quartet	9.11	73
10	No.2: Birdie's Aria	9.06	77
11	No.3: Horace and Addie (dialogue)	0.58	79
12	No.4: Horace and Regina	3.19	79
13	No.5: Regina's Aria	5.42	81
14	No.6: Melodrama	3.14	83
15	No.7: Greedy Girl	2.32	86
16	No.8: Horace's Death	7.37	87
17	No.9: Finale	4.38	89

DDD

John Mauceri. Photo: Eric Thorburn



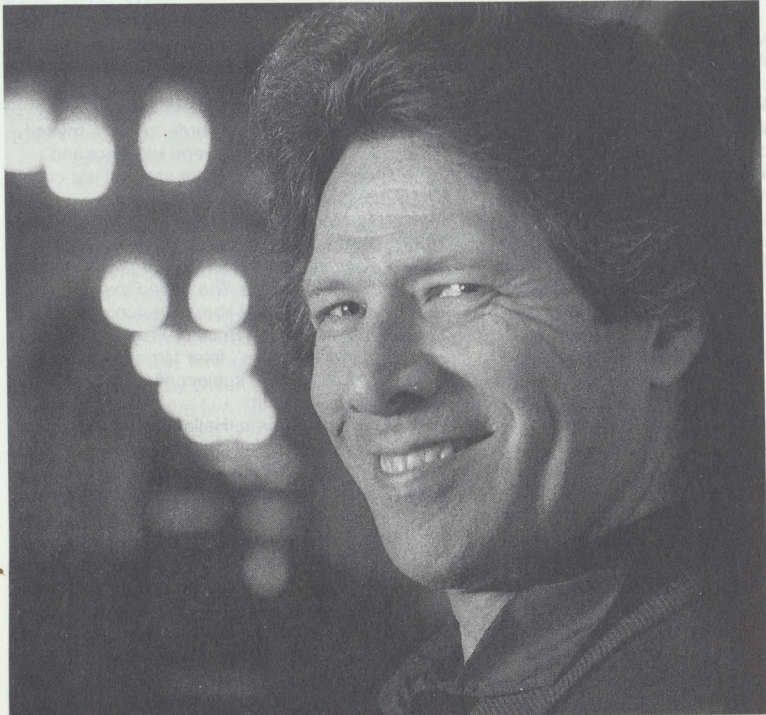
Katherine Ciesinski. Photo: Eric Thorburn

MARC BLITZSTEIN 1905-1964

- 1905 Born in Philadelphia.
- 1926-8 Studies with Nadia Boulanger in Paris and Arnold Schoenberg in Berlin.
- 1927 Composes Piano Sonata.
- 1928 First hears *Die Dreigroschenoper* (Brecht/Weill).
- 1929 *Triple Sec*, his first stage work, is performed privately in Philadelphia.
- 1935 Attends Hanns Eisler's New York lecture series 'The Crisis in Music'. Becomes committed to the doctrine of 'art for society's sake'. Meets Brecht.
- 1937 *The Cradle Will Rock* (dedicated to Brecht), a 'play in music' telling the story of how a union was formed in Steeltown, is produced by Orson Welles. Completes music for the film *The Spanish Earth*, directed by Joris Ivens and commissioned by Contemporary Historians Inc. — a group that included Lillian Hellman and Dorothy Parker.
- 1938 Joins Communist Party. Composes incidental music to *Danton's Death* (Büchner).
- 1940 *No for an Answer* (opera dealing with the social injustices endured by the immigrant working class). Film score for *Valley Town* (a study of unemployment).
- 1941 Film score for *Native Land* (a portrayal of the Ku Klux Klan).
- 1942-5 Serves in US 8th Army Air Force in England.
- 1943 *Freedom Morning* (symphonic poem with male chorus).
- 1946 Completes *The Airborne* (choral symphony commissioned by the 8th Air Force). Composes incidental music to Lillian Hellman's *Another Part of the Forest*. Commissioned by the Koussevitzky Foundation to write an opera, Blitzstein decides to set Hellman's *The Little Foxes*.
- 1949 Premiere of *Regina*. Leaves Communist Party.
- 1952 Translates and adapts *Die Dreigroschenoper* as *The Threepenny Opera*.
- 1956 Begins adaptation of Brecht's *Mutter Courage* (incomplete).
- 1958 Begins adaptation of Brecht's *Aufstieg und Fall der Stadt Mahagonny* (incomplete). Subpoenaed to appear before the House Committee on Un-American Activities.
- 1959 Composes *Juno* (musical play after Sean O'Casey's *Juno and the Paycock*). Becomes member of National Institute of Arts and Letters.
- 1960 Composes incidental music to Hellman's *Toys in the Attic*. Recommended for a Ford Foundation grant by the Metropolitan Opera Association.
- 1962-3 Playwright-in-residence at Bennington College.
- 1964 Murdered in Martinique.

LILLIAN HELLMAN 1905-1984

- 1905 Born in New Orleans.
- 1934 First play, *The Children's Hour*, produced in New York (later made into a film by William Wyler, starring Miriam Hopkins).
- 1936 Second play, *Days to Come*.
- 1937 Meets Marc Blitzstein in connection with the film *The Spanish Earth*.
- 1939 Premiere of *The Little Foxes*, directed by Herman Shumlin in New York on 15 February, starring Tallulah Bankhead (later to be filmed with Bette Davis).
- 1941 *Watch on the Rhine* voted Best Play by the New York Drama Critics Circle.
- 1944 *The Searching Wind*.
- 1947 *Another Part of the Forest* ('prequel' to *The Little Foxes*) premieres on Broadway, with music by Blitzstein (this play provided Patricia Neal with her Broadway debut).
- 1951 *The Autumn Garden*.
- 1952 Hellman's famous testimony before the House Committee on Un-American Activities:
'I am not willing, now or in the future, to bring bad trouble to people who, in my past association with them, were completely innocent of any talk or any action that was disloyal or subversive. To hurt innocent people whom I knew many years ago in order to save myself is, to me, inhuman and indecent and dishonorable. I cannot and will not cut my conscience to fit this year's fashions.'
- 1957 Writes libretto for Bernstein's *Candide*.
- 1960 *Toys in the Attic* (widely regarded as her finest play after *The Little Foxes*).
- 1969 *An Unfinished Woman* (autobiography).
- 1973 *Pentimento: A Book of Portraits* (including 'Julia', later filmed with Jane Fonda and the subject of many controversies).
- 1976 *Scoundrel Time*, Hellman's memoir of the McCarthy years, 'that unpleasant time of my life'.
- 1984 *Eating Together: Recollections and Recipes* — her final book, written with Peter Feibleman.
Dies, 30 June.



Samuel Ramey. Photo: Eric Thorburn

BLITZSTEIN, HELLMAN AND REGINA

Patrick O'Connor

Marcus Samuel Blitzstein was born in Philadelphia in 1905, the son of Sam and Anna Blitzstein, both first generation Americans of Russian-Jewish origin. A child prodigy, he played a Mozart piano concerto in public at the age of seven, and as a youth studied with Alexander Siloti (a pupil of Tchaikovsky and Liszt), through whom he met Stravinsky. Blitzstein was one of the first students at the newly-founded Curtis School of Music in 1924; two years later he went to Europe, where he became the only American to have lessons with both Nadia Boulanger and Arnold Schoenberg. By 1928 he had written his Piano Sonata, which he performed in New York. Blitzstein's burgeoning social awareness acquired a new sense of direction after his encounter with the work of Brecht and Eisler in 1935, and he went on to express his political commitment in some two dozen music-theatre pieces. The complexity of his character is reflected in his own description of himself as being the victim of 'three strikes': 'Number one I'm a Jew. Number two I'm a Communist. Number three I'm a homo composer.' A key personality in the history of American twentieth-century music, Blitzstein was described by Aaron Copland as 'the first American composer to invent a vernacular musical idiom'.

Blitzstein's first opera, *Triple Sec*, a surrealist piece seen as if through the eyes of a drunkard (so that at the close each character has two or

three 'doubles' on stage), was incorporated into a Broadway revue, *Garrick Gaieties*, in 1930 and was performed dozens of times. After a second attempt at the form, *Parabola and Circula*, he announced that he considered opera to be 'trash' and 'rotten nineteenth-century stuff', and began to veer more in the direction of music-theatre.

Blitzstein's work is inseparable from his stance as a true son of the Depression. He joined the American Communist Party in the 1930s, and remained pro-Stalin for longer than many of his contemporaries. He lost to Aaron Copland a competition to compose a 'New Masses May Day Song', but wrote a piece called *Workers' Kids of the World Unite*. Very early in his career, he promoted black singers in his concert works. The 'caviare Communism' of artists and intellectuals was later to be the target of some derision, and Lillian Hellman herself wrote: 'A younger generation... look upon the 1930s radical and the 1930s Red-baiter with equal amusement. I don't much enjoy their amusement, but they have some right to it.'

The first professional contact between Blitzstein and Hellman came about when he provided background music for a documentary on the Spanish civil war, *The Spanish Earth*. Hellman was one of the team organising the project (the script was provided by John Dos Passos, and the film directed by Joris Ivens). Intended to show the extent of the carnage

wrought by the war, it was a piece of propaganda designed to raise money for the fight against Franco.

Blitzstein was in his element in the 1930s as one of the creative figures central to the arts policy of the New Deal. Out of this activity grew his most famous work, *The Cradle Will Rock* (1936-37). Using his song 'The Nickel Under the Foot' as a starting point, he followed Brecht's suggestion in composing a musical play 'about all kinds of prostitution — the press, the church, the courts, the arts, the whole system'. Dedicated to Brecht, *Cradle* was to have been staged by Orson Welles as part of the Federal Theatre Project. A week before it was due to open in New York, the Federal authorities withdrew their support and put an armed guard on the theatre to prevent any of the instruments, scenery or props from being removed. The actors' contracts forbade them to appear on any other stage, and so after Welles had secured another theatre (on the very night of the opening), the performers sang their roles from places in the auditorium, with Blitzstein alone on stage playing the piano.

The piece became a symbol not only of the radical theatre but of the battle against censorship. Two dozen productions were staged, some of them deliberately keeping to the actors-in-the-audience format. (Blitzstein was so impressed by a performance given by Leonard Bernstein at Harvard in 1939 that the two were henceforth firm friends.) However, it was not until the late 1950s that *Cradle* was performed as the composer had intended, with orchestra —

when it was put on by the New York City Opera.

None of Blitzstein's succeeding radical theatre pieces had the impact of *Cradle*, although his radio song-play *I've Got the Tune* was well received, and provided the format for Lotte Lenya's US radio debut. This was followed by *No for an Answer*, a musical play dealing with the tribulations suffered by immigrants in the United States. This piece contained several memorable numbers (including 'Penny Candy' and 'The Purest Kind of Guy' — later recorded by Paul Robeson), but in the fraught political atmosphere of 1940 no backers could be found for the show, and it was presented for three nights only. The designs were by Howard Bay, who had just done the sets for Hellman's *The Little Foxes* (1939), which was the smash hit of the Broadway season, giving its star, Tallulah Bankhead, the greatest role of her career. Lillian Hellman was one of a group of people who formed a committee to try and help put on *No for an Answer*. The work was recorded by Keynote, DECCA having turned it down — with the rebuff (according to a gossip column in the New York Evening Post) 'We want no part of that Red stuff — this isn't the Kremlin, you know!'

Blitzstein's war record was impressive: in addition to serving with the US Air Force, he played an active part in organising music for the forces in Europe — including an all-black choral concert at the Albert Hall, for which he composed a choral work called *Freedom Morning*. Out of this grew his best-known concert work, *The Airborne*, which was later

recorded by Bernstein with Orson Welles as narrator. A kind of artistic rivalry eventually developed between Bernstein and Blitzstein, and on occasion the roles were reversed: although Blitzstein had originally been Bernstein's mentor, he was later to form part of the Lenny 'Russian Tea Room entourage'.

After the war, Blitzstein returned to New York, where one of his first commissions was to supply incidental music for the play Lillian Hellman had written as a sequel to *The Little Foxes*, entitled *Another Part of the Forest*. The play in fact is a 'prequel', telling the story of the characters in their younger days. This drew Blitzstein and Hellman closer than their previous working acquaintanceships, and when Blitzstein was casting around for a subject for a new opera, someone suggested *The Little Foxes*. Hellman was not convinced that it could be done. 'I don't see how you can add anything to the Hubbards that will make them any more unpleasant than they are already', she told him, but signed the contract anyway.

The Little Foxes was described by Leonard Bernstein as 'Ugly people engaged in ugly dealings with one another'. In Blitzstein's opera, he admired 'a charming, *dolce* waltz that conceals some of the most venomous lyrics known to man'. According to Bernstein, the underlying technique of the whole piece consisted of 'coating the wormwood with sugar'.

Lillian Hellman was naturally protective of *The Little Foxes*, her most successful play. Famously difficult and quarrelsome, throughout her long

career Hellman took on the most potentially explosive subjects. Her first Broadway play, *The Children's Hour*, was one of the first dramas to deal with lesbianism and suspected child-abuse. Her courageous stand against the House Committee on Un-American Activities in 1952 earned her the admiration of the radicals, and her famous assertion 'I cannot and will not cut my conscience to fit this year's fashions' has placed her among the immortals of the one-line quote. However, her prickly nature helped to alienate many of those who would have been her natural allies, and in the most famous literary feud of the day, Mary McCarthy accused Hellman of having spoken and written nothing but lies. Lillian Hellman's private life was as messy as the next person's (the first volume of her memoirs is entitled *An Unfinished Woman*), but one can still recognise the truth of her plays. Her characters are real, imperfect human beings, and the Hubbards are as disturbing today as when she first created them.

'*The Little Foxes* was the most difficult play I ever wrote', Hellman recalled. 'Some of the trouble came because the play has a distant connection to my mother's family, and everything that I had heard or seen or imagined had informed a giant tangled time-jungle.' Her extreme sensitivity with regard to everything touching on the subject was to lead to fights over *Regina*. The fiercest clashes arose over the composer's highlighting of the secondary theme of black-white relations, which he used as a sub-text to the main confrontation between the 'old

South' and its values, and the 'new money' represented by Regina and her brothers. Blitzstein gave further emphasis to the black element by adding a Dixieland 'Angel Band' to the score — an addition which Lillian Hellman found gratuitous.

One can understand why Hellman might have objected to something she saw as detracting from the claustrophobic power of the central tragedy. However, Blitzstein's aims were not always the same as Hellman's, and certain of his changes have the effect of filling out the character of Regina. She may be a hard, avaricious, unsentimental schemer (an 'Alabamian Clytemnestra', as played by Bette Davis in the justly famous 1941 film directed by William Wyler), but she is also a product of her circumstances. Forced by the conventions of the day to be subordinate to her money-grubbing brothers and her idealistic, though philandering and ultimately less-than-sympathetic husband, Horace, she has had to rely solely on her Southern-belle charms to gain her ends. As she watches Horace crawl up the stairs to his death, it is not only a murderess-by-inaction but a woman frustrated beyond endurance who stands still. (In Hellman's original scheme, Horace was to have been dying of syphilis and brought home by his daughter not from the hospital but from isolation in a slave cabin out on the plantation.) When Regina is left alone at the end, the voices of the Angel Band sing out 'Is a new day a-coming? — Certainly, Lord!', and one could speculate that Blitzstein had in mind a new

dawn not just for the black but for the female characters too.

Regina had a modest run on Broadway of fifty-six performances — not much for a musical, but great for an opera. Later it entered the repertory of the New York City Opera; still during Blitzstein's lifetime, Bernstein attempted to mount a production at La Scala with Callas. Nothing came of that, though surely this 'Puccini à la Dixie' (as a New Mexican critic described it after a performance at Santa Fe in the late 1950s) would also have gone down well with the Italians.

Blitzstein went on to compose several other music-theatre works: *Reuben, Reuben*, a parable about post-war America; *Juno*, based on Sean O'Casey's *Juno and the Paycock*; and the opera commissioned by the Met, *Sacco and Vanzetti*, on which he was working when he was killed in 1964. During the later part of his life he achieved an outstanding success with his translation of *The Threepenny Opera*, for the famous off-Broadway production with Lotte Lenya that spearheaded the whole Brecht-Weill revival.

Regina stands as one of the most successful examples of the short-lived genre of Broadway opera. The experiments in this field by Kern, Gershwin and Blitzstein, succeeded by Menotti, Weill and finally Bernstein, paved the way for the sort of experimental musical-theatre that Sondheim and others continue. Such ambitious and thought-provoking musicals occupy a space half-way between the theatre and the opera house. After the final performance of *Regina* in

1949, the *New York Times* critic wrote: 'I have never heard music made so integral an element in the total art of the theatre, so boldly used to heighten and create theatrical values. His figures emerge in larger-than-life proportions

in a situation that, for all its specific localisation, takes on universal compulsions. It is difficult not to make some comparisons with those suspect creatures, the old Greeks.'

REGINA RESTORED

Tommy Krasker

Marc Blitzstein's opera *Regina* was commissioned by the Koussevitsky Music Foundation in May 1946. The work evolved over three years of intensive composition — plus an additional decade of revisions and refinements. At one point, the assignment seemed so daunting that Blitzstein, who had composed *The Cradle Will Rock* in less than six weeks, was moved to write, 'I wanted to make an opera of *The Little Foxes*, but [does] *The Little Foxes* want to be made into an opera by me?'

Hellman's play had offered a powerful look at the blossoming of industrial capitalism in turn-of-the-century Alabama. In developing his opera, Blitzstein moved beyond the principal characters of the play — the money-grubbing Hubbard clan — and added new characters suggested by the drama and its setting. He surrounded the family with employees, neighbours, and relatives; he built up the roles of the older black servants and created a contrasting group of young field workers. The result retained the play's principal conflict — between the declining aristocracy and the middle-class industrialists — but extended its effects across a broader canvas. It gave greater weight to themes only touched upon in Hellman's melodrama — in particular, questions of moral, societal, and environmental accountability that have remained surprisingly timely.

The sounds of Dixieland jazz were crucial to

Blitzstein's expansive adaptation; to him, they represented 'the first voice of protest of the coloured people in a secular way'. By mid-July 1946, Blitzstein had resolved to include a ragtime band on-stage and, within a few weeks, began writing the opera's first set-piece, a number for the band's leader entitled 'Naught's a Naught'. In the ensuing months, he expanded the tune into an elaborate musical prologue that introduced a group of diverse characters and, as they lifted their voices in song, intertwined spirituals of the old South with the rhythms of ragtime — playfully at first, then exultantly.

Protests from Lillian Hellman eventually brought about this prologue's demise. Throughout 1948 and 1949, Hellman sent lengthy missives to Blitzstein voicing specific objections to his adaptation; predictably, most of these focused on elements that strayed from her play. The prologue was a constant thorn in her side. On 7 September 1948, she labelled it 'unworthy' and 'unnecessary'. Following this attack, Blitzstein halved the scene and removed all the dialogue. (He had already deleted most of the 'Naught's a Naught' lyric earlier that year, for reasons now unclear.) Unhappily, the result was skeletal: musically unsatisfying, dramatically muddled. It shattered Blitzstein's inspired symmetry, which called for the same characters who were silenced by Regina in the prologue to drown her out in the opera's final, climactic moments.

Blitzstein devised one other extensive addition to *The Little Foxes*: an ensemble scene to close the second act. As early as 15 May 1946 he contemplated 'a ball given by Regina': one that would incorporate period dances, advance the story-line, and, as in the prologue, allow disparate characters to reveal themselves through commentary and confrontations. He scripted a passage in which Regina carefully chooses and candidly describes her guests, composed a suitably embittered response for the ensemble, and let the jazz band comment on high-tone Southern pretensions. The character who symbolises the faded aristocracy (Birdie) finds comfort in a servant woman's spiritual evocation of the Blues, and the new South rejects the old in the course of a highly romantic waltz. These interludes, diverting and compelling in their own right, also allow time for the real action unfolding offstage: a burglary and a clandestine business meeting. The theatre audience, privy to both events, soon comes to recognise the futility of Regina's on-stage machinations.

This scene underwent minor revisions until the summer of 1949, at which time producer Cheryl Crawford, who had optioned the work for Broadway, demanded that *Regina* be reduced from three acts to two. The party scene was an unfortunate casualty: almost fifteen minutes were eventually deleted.

Regina premiered at the 46th Street Theatre in New York on 31 October 1949. The critical reception was somewhat mixed, and the

production was not a popular success. Four years later, a City Center Opera production restored the work to three acts, reinstating much of the party sequence, but made other equally damaging cuts. The critical and popular acclaim accorded this revival prompted the company to mount a new version in 1958. Sadly, this version strayed furthest from Blitzstein's original intentions by eliminating the jazz band altogether (apparently for budgetary reasons). Hellman later praised this production as the opera's 'best interpretation' — no doubt because it came closest to simply setting *The Little Foxes* to music. But as Eric A. Gordon notes in his 1989 Blitzstein biography, *Marc the Music*, the City Opera version is 'wrongly... regarded as Blitzstein's definitive edition of the work'; far from representing the composer's intentions, it diminishes *Regina* — not only in size, but in stature and scope.

During his final years, Blitzstein chose the State Historical Society of Wisconsin as the ultimate repository of his collection, which included thousands of pages of *Regina* manuscripts — from typed notes to piano-vocal sketches to full orchestral scores. Now, with the support and encouragement of Blitzstein's heirs, copies of these materials (dating from 1946 to 1958) have been acquired, examined, and used in this new recording, which at last restores Blitzstein's original vision. The extensive script and musical manuscripts made it possible to reconstruct the prologue and party sequence. Elsewhere, key passages deemed essential

to the story-telling have been reinstated — in particular, several that give weight and dimension to the role of Regina's brother Ben. In addition, the title role itself has been restored to its original

mezzo range. Four-and-a-half decades after the commissioning of the work, *Regina* can at last be heard as Marc Blitzstein first envisioned it for the operatic stage.

A NOTE BY THE CONDUCTOR

The impetus for this new performing edition of *Regina* came from Leonard Bernstein. It was some fifteen years ago when, in the months following his wife's death, Lenny and I began discussing projects. 'I swore an oath on Marc's grave', he said to me, 'that I would fix *Regina*'. 'Well, why don't we do it together?', I said. In those days, Tommy Krasker was my student at Yale, and we met with Lenny a number of times to discuss the necessary restorations. These were difficult times for him, not helped by conversations with Lillian Hellman, who had had some uncomfortable experiences with music theatre. (In addition to her clashes with Blitzstein over *Regina*, she had also received most of the blame for the failure of the original Broadway

version of Bernstein's *Candide*, and her entire book had been replaced in all productions from 1973 onwards.)

Our work with Lenny, which spanned one-and-a-half years, remained in a drawer behind his desk, as well as in Tommy's house and my New York office. Three years ago, Tommy and I started work again. Four days before Lenny's death, I sat with him and told him that *Regina* had been finished. 'What?' he said in a shocked voice that expressed both his happiness and his sadness at knowing that the project had gone on without him, and that he would never hear the fruits of his own work. This recording is dedicated to our friend Leonard Bernstein.

John Mauceri

SYNOPSIS

The opera is set in the Giddens home in Bowden, Alabama.

Prologue

Late one morning in spring 1900, the house servants Addie and Cal sing a spiritual while doing their chores. Jazz and the Angel Band appear and turn the spiritual into a ragtime number. Regina's daughter Alexandra (Zan) joins in until her mother appears and demands that they stop.

Act One

That evening, Regina gives a dinner party in order to clinch an important business deal between her family and Mr Marshall, a powerful Chicago financier. She and her brothers, Ben and Oscar Hubbard, intend to build a series of cotton mills in the South, and all that is needed for the deal to go through is for Regina's husband, Horace, to agree to put up a third of the money. Horace is in hospital with heart trouble and has refused to become involved in the new business venture. Regina decides to send Alexandra to Baltimore to fetch Horace home. Regina and her brothers discuss the possibility of marrying Alexandra to Oscar's irresponsible son Leo (who has already been in trouble for stealing money from the bank where he works), to keep the money in the family. Leo's mother Birdie (whom

Oscar married solely for her money) tries to warn Alexandra of the family's plans, but is overheard by her husband, who brutally reprimands her.

Act Two

Scene 1

A week later, Regina is preparing a party for Mr Marshall, who is returning to sign the deal. While waiting for the party to begin, Oscar suggests to Leo that Horace's opposition to the deal could be circumvented if his bonds were to be removed from the bank. Horace and Alexandra return from Baltimore, and Horace soon realises the hollowness of the welcome awaiting him from Regina and her brothers. He refuses once more to have any part in their money-grubbing schemes.

Scene 2

Regina's guests arrive for the party; no-one is under any illusions as to the true reason for the festivities. Horace instructs one of the bank employees to bring his safe-deposit box around the next morning so that he can draw up a new will. Leo slips out to the bank and returns with the stolen bonds, on the strength of which Ben and Oscar conclude the deal with Mr Marshall. Regina is unaware of this development and attempts to goad Horace by flirting with her old suitor, John Bagtry. When Ben leaves to drive Mr Marshall to the station, Regina realises that the deal has gone ahead without her. As the guests

dance the final dance, a gallop, she turns on Horace in a fury, telling him that she is waiting for him to die.

Act Three

The next afternoon, Horace, Alexandra, Addie and Birdie are sitting quietly together in the living room, enjoying the sound of the rain falling outside. After the other female characters have left the room, Regina appears, and Horace tells her that the bonds are missing from his safe-deposit box. When Regina realises that her brothers are responsible for the theft of the bonds, she is jubilant at the thought that she will be able to use this knowledge against them. However, Horace thwarts her by telling her that he will maintain he lent the bonds to Ben and

Oscar. Regina taunts him into having a heart attack, and refuses to help when he struggles to reach his medicine. After Horace has collapsed on the landing, she calls for Cal and Addie to carry him to his room. Ben, Oscar and Leo enter. Regina confronts them with their crime and threatens to put them in jail if they do not agree to give her seventy-five percent of the business. When Alexandra and Addie come slowly down the stairs, it is clear that Horace is already dead. Ben and Oscar have no choice but to agree to Regina's demands. Everyone leaves except Alexandra and Regina, and Alexandra tells her mother that she too is going away. Regina realises that she no longer has the power to dominate her daughter, and that henceforth she will be alone.

DECCA 1992

1 PROLOGUE

The verandah of the Giddens home. Late morning, sun-baked and lazy. (Addie and Cal are working about the house and the verandah.)

Addie

'Want to join the angels.
Stand where the angels stand.'

Cal

'Want to go to heaven.
Live beyond in Jordan's land.'

Addie

'Wear my wings, see the King.'

Cal

'Sleep a sleep so deep.'

Cal and Addie

'A heavenly sleep.'

Addie and Cal

'Want to join the angels.
Stand where the angels stand.
Sing and shout. Walk about.
Set in the angels' seat
and eat what they eat.
Want to join the angel band.'

(Somewhere out of sight, ragtime is being practised. Jazz is instructing the Band.)

Jazz

Banjo!...
Tailgate!...
Now the beat!...
Hit it!

(The Band marches on in single file, playing. Chinkypin comes with them, dancing madly.)

Addie

Stop that sinful music!... What you doin' round here? Chinkypin, why ain't you home, where you belong?

Jazz

Chinkypin with me. He's my brother, ain't he?

Addie

You with your New Orleans ways. You don't know how to take care of a little child.
That music! I won't have it around here.

Jazz

Miss Zan like our music. Miss Zan say she going to ask Miss Regina invite us to play when she have a party for quality folks.

Cal

That's right, Addie. Miss Zan told me herself.

Addie

Hrmp! Why don't you play pretty music — decent music?

Jazz

Like what, Addie? Sing us!

Addie

I got work to do.

Cal

We gonna have high tone company tonight for dinner. From the North.

Addie

Yes, now you go away, you hear me?

Jazz

Boys, do the number!

(The Band launches into 'Naught's a Naught'.)

'Naught's a naught,
figger's a figger.
All for the white man,
and none for the nigger.'

Addie

Don't you use that word around here.

Jazz

What word?

Addie

You know what I mean.

Jazz

'I pass by the poor-house,
and what do I see?
My friends and relations,
the whole family.
They just sit in the poor-house,
a-waiting for me.
Just a-waiting to say
'Welcome home' to me —
Naught's a naught,
figger's a figger.
I got the gun,
but it's you pulls the trigger.'

(Alexandra appears at an upstairs window.)

'I took me my gun
for to ketch me a squirrel.
Along come the boss-man,
see me with my girl.
Now the boss got no gun,
so he take-a my gun,
get my gun, get my squirrel,
my girl! oh —
Naught's a naught,
figger's a figger.
I hold the bottle,
but you gets to swigger.'

Alexandra

Hello, Jazz!

Jazz

Hello, Miss Zan!

Alexandra

Wait, I'll be right there.
(*She disappears.*)

Jazz

'So wipe away that smile, boy,
and let your weeping flow.
You never had it, and you ain't got it now
— no sir, nohow.
Less you watch out,
you left with nothing but woe.
You quitting your singing,
and make up your mind.
You quitting your dancing,
your stepping and prancing.
You make your feet mind,
because you gonna find
you is always below and behind,
because —
Naught's a naught,
figger's a figger.
Pocket is shrinking,
the hole's getting bigger.'

(*Alexandra has appeared on the verandah.*)

Addie

Zannie, you like that music?

Alexandra

It's wonderful. Don't you like it, Addie?

Don't you, Cal?

Cal

Oh yes, Miss Zan, I think...

Addie

Ain't proper music.

Alexandra

What kind of music is proper, Addie?

Addie

Not that kind!

Alexandra

Well, what kind?

Jazz (to the Band)

Yeah, hold it, boys.
(*The music stops.*)
What kind of music you like, Addie?

Addie

What kind of music? This kind:
(*singing*)
'Want to join the angels...'

Jazz

That's the same song, we just raggin' it.
Angel Band, that's *our* piece.
We the Angel Band. Same piece!
Sing it, Addie. Sing it again.

Alexandra

Sing it, Addie. I think they're right.

Addie

Huh?

Alexandra

Go on.

Addie

'Want to join the angels.'
(*Cal and Alexandra join her. The Band breaks in,
playing 'Naught's a Naught' around them.*)
'Stand where the angels stand.
Sing and shout. Walk about.
Sleep a sleep so deep,
a heavenly sleep.
Want to join the angel band.'

Cal (picking up the rag-tempo)

'I'll be dawg!
Too poor to paint
and too proud to white-wash!'

Addie, Cal and Alexandra

'Want to join the angel band.'

Cal (picking up the rag-tempo)

'Naught's a naught,
figger's a figger.
All for the white man,
and none for the ni —'

(*Regina has appeared at the landing window.*)

Regina (interrupting)

Alexandra!

(*The music stops.*)

Alexandra

Hello, Mama.

Regina

What is that racket going on down there?

Alexandra

Oh, Mama, I didn't think you'd mind. These are
the field boys I told you about. Jazz here has
been to New Orleans and he's taught them to
play. It's... it's called ragtime, Mama, and...

(*Rucker's clarinet emits a little moan.*)

and... Rucker needs a new clarinet.

Regina

You may remember we're having company for
supper tonight. You'd better come up and start
your hair.

Alexandra

Yes, Mama.
(*She goes into the house.*)

Regina

Addie!

Addie

Yes, Miss Regina.

Regina

What's happening to this house? Are we running a music hall?

Addie

Yes, Miss Regina.

(Regina disappears. The Band starts marching and playing softly. Addie restrains them with a gesture. Chinkypin, who has been hiding behind a plant, looks at the window and marches off proudly.)

ACT ONE

The living room of the Giddens house, the same evening.

2 No.1: Intro

(Addie closes the window. Cal comes in from the entrance hall, carrying a tray with glasses and a bottle of port. Addie takes the tray from him, puts it on the table and begins to arrange it. In the dining room, they are finishing dinner. The dining room doors are opened and quickly closed again by Birdie. She is gay and excited.)

3 No.2: Birdie**Birdie**

Oh, Cal — will you run home and get my music album? It's in my desk — the left-hand drawer.

(to Addie, as Cal leaves.)

My, Addie! What a good supper! Just as good as good can be!

Addie

You look pretty this evening, Miss Birdie. And young.

Birdie (laughing)

Me, young? Ha!

It's Mr. Marshall, I guess.

Mr. Marshall's such a polite man.

With his manners — and very educated and cultured, and I've told him all about how my mama and my papa used to go to

Europe for the music —

Imagine that, Addie.

Imagine going all the way to Europe — just to listen to music.

Wouldn't that be nice, Addie?

Music, music, music.

Remembering the sound,

the sound of it inside —

(Addie wipes the glasses.)

Inside I sing, sing inside, sing to myself.

When someone is pleasant and nice to you,

oh, doesn't it make you think of music, too?

Tonight someone has been nice to me.

Music, music, music.

He talked to me alone — to me.

And I sang the scale, of course inside,

I sang the arpeggios too.

(She vocalises, then sighs.)

Oh, what a very long time it is since I've been remembering how music is for me.

To talk with someone pleasant is like that; and music, music, music is like that.

Oscar *(entering from the dining room)*

Birdie.

(Cal comes from the pantry carrying a hat.)

Birdie *(turning nervously)*

Oh, Oscar. I'm just sending Cal for my music album.

Oscar *(to Cal)*

Never mind about the album.

(Cal looks at them, then returns to the pantry.)

Birdie

But, Oscar —

Oscar

You have been chattering to Mr Marshall like a magpie. I can't think he came South to be bored with you.

Birdie

He wasn't bored. I don't believe he was bored.

Oscar

You have had too much wine. Get yourself in hand now.

Birdie

What am I doing? I am not doing anything. What am I doing?

Oscar *(taking a step towards her)*

I said get yourself in hand.

Stop acting like a fool.

(Leo comes hurrying through the dining room doors.)

Leo *(composing himself)*

Mama! Papa! They are coming in now.

4 No.3: Small Talk

(Regina comes in with William Marshall. Behind them comes Alexandra, followed by Ben.)

Regina

Now, Mr. Marshall, you're trying to console me for not living in Chicago, but in sleepy Alabama.

Marshall

Well, I've never dined in Chicago with three such lovely ladies.

(Suddenly all, excepting Birdie and Addie, become an abstract choral ensemble.)

Ensemble

The company have the table quit, with poise and affability infinite; and now, assembled in the living room — sit.

Ben *(sitting and offering a cigar to Marshall)*

Our Southern women are well favoured.

(Addie serves the wine.)

Leo

But go to Mobile for the ladies; very elegant worldly ladies, sir.

Ben

Worldly?

Marshall

This is an excellent port, Mrs. Giddens.

Regina

Thank you, Mr. Marshall. We had been saving that bottle, hoping we could open it just for you.

Marshall

I'm honoured.

Regina

Provincial, provincial — there you have the key to the Southland.

Marshall *(shaking his head)*

Delightful, delightful — there you have the key...

(Again the abstract ensemble: Alexandra, Regina, Marshall, Leo, Oscar, Ben)

Ensemble

The talk is small and delicate. The wine is old and fine.

(Addie goes to the kitchen.)

Marshall

It's remarkable how you Southern aristocrats have kept together — and have kept what belonged to you.

Ben

But Southern aristocrats have not kept together, and have not kept what belongs to them.

Marshall

You don't call all this keeping what belongs to you?

Ben

But you misunderstand, sir. We are not aristocrats.

Marshall *(looking at his cigar)*

Oh?

(Again the abstract ensemble: Alexandra, Regina, Leo, Oscar)

Ensemble

A regrettable lapse of taste, perhaps?

Regina

My brother Ben likes to make jokes.

Ben *(pointing to Birdie)*

Birdie there, our brother's wife's the only one of us from a high-tone family. They once owned a fine plantation.

Oscar

Called Lionnet — You may have heard of it, sir?

Marshall

No.

Birdie *(in a kind of reverie)*

Lionnet. Lionnet. Lionnet.

Ben

Fine cotton land it still could be. Do you mind your new partners being trading folks and not the aristocracy?

Marshall

Mr. Hubbard, you want the mill here. Why you want it here is not my affair.

Ben

To bring the machine to the cotton, not the cotton to the machine. Bring the machine to the cotton, not the cotton to the machine.

Marshall

I just want to make money, and I think I'll make it on you.

Ben *(staring at Birdie)*

And I'm a plain man, and I'll say this plain too; twenty years ago, we took over their plantation, their cotton — and their daughter.

(Birdie rises and stands stiffly. Marshall, who has been watching her, rises and goes towards her.)

Marshall *(to Birdie)*

Can I get you something, Mrs. Hubbard?

Birdie

No, thank you, sir. You are most polite.

(Again the abstract ensemble: Alexandra, Regina, Leo, Oscar)

Ensemble

The honoured guest is distressed
by the questionable jest.

Regina (*leaping up, speaking sharply to Ben*)

You are boring Mr. Marshall
with these ancient family tales.

Ben

I hope not, I hope not.
I am trying to make a point —
for our future business-partner.

Regina

Shall the ladies retire,
and leave the gentlemen to talk business?

Marshall

Not at all.
Everything was settled this afternoon.

Regina (*taking wine and crossing to Marshall*)

In that case, perhaps another glass of port?

Marshall

Thank you.

Regina

Gallantry, old-fashioned gallantry.
Oh, I have missed it,
and it was dear to me.
Gallantry, the old time chivalry.
I thought we'd lost it,
(*with a look at Ben*)

a noble thing no more to see.
Apparently my fears were wrong.
It lay in wait, waiting late and long,
but patiently —
waiting to return to life anew,
waiting for someone like you
to shed the glow of gallantry.

Marshall (*smitten*)

Dear lady,
I shall be back next Friday,
to see your brothers — and you.

Regina

And I shall give you a party —
a Southern party.

Marshall

That will be delightful.

Alexandra

Mama! Could — could we have Jazz
and the Angel Band play for us?

(*Ben motions to Leo to fill the glasses.*)

Regina

Certainly not, Alexandra.

Marshall

Is that a coloured band?

Ben (*with deliberate emphasis*)

Coloured. Yes. Cotton-pickers, you know.

Marshall

They're quite the fashion in Chicago.
My wife has them in to play often.

Regina

Really, does she?
Well — we'll see.

Ben

Down here, sir,
we have a strange custom.
We drink the *last* drink for a toast,
to prove the Southerner is always on his
feet for the last drink.

Marshall

Delightful, delightful.
(*offering a drink to Birdie*)
Mrs. Hubbard?

Birdie

You must excuse me, sir.
I have a little headache now.

Oscar

Don't be stubborn, Birdie.
Mr. Marshall wants you to drink.

Birdie (*taking the glass*)

If you insist.

Ben

By all means...
(*raising his glass*)
I give you —

The Others

I give you —

Ben

The new firm —

The Others

The new firm —

Ben

Of Hubbard Sons and Marshall —

The Others

Hubbard Sons and Marshall —

Ben

Long life —

The Others

Yes, long life —

Ben

Prosperity.

The Others

Prosperity.

Marshall (*echoed by the others*)

Delightful, delightful —
there you have the key to the Southland.
(*They drink.*)

5 **No.4: Goodbyes**

Oscar

The children will drive you to the depot.
Leo! Alexandra!

Regina (to Marshall)

Until next week.

Marshall

Next week's a long time.
And you said one day I may show you Chicago.
Must I make you promise again?

Regina

I promise again.

Marshall (to Birdie)

Good-bye, Mrs. Hubbard.

Birdie (shyly, with sweetness and dignity)

Good-bye, sir.

Marshall (to Regina, who vocalises)

Remember.

Regina

I will.

Marshall

Good-bye.

Regina

Good-bye.

(Marshall leaves with Leo and Alexandra,
followed by Ben and Oscar. Regina and Birdie
stand looking after them.)

Regina (with an exultant smile)

And there, Birdie, goes the man
who has opened the door,
opened the door to our future.

Birdie (surprised at the unaccustomed
friendliness)

What?

Regina

Our future. Yours and mine, Ben's and Oscar's,
the children —

Birdie (innocently)

Horace's, too?

Regina

If my husband ever decides to come home from
that hospital, his too.
Make a wish, Birdie, any wish.
It's bound to come true now.

6 **No.5: Big Rich**

(Ben and Oscar return.
Ben vocalises.)

Oscar

Marshall Marshall Mr. Marshall.

Ben

Hubbard Sons and Marshall now.

Oscar

Hubbard Sons and Marshall now.

Ben

Big Rich.

Oscar

Big Rich.

Ben

Regina.

Oscar

Regina.

Regina (sitting down on the sofa)

Big big big big big big Rich.

(to Ben)

Well, you did it.

Ben

Looks like it might be we did.

Regina (springing up)

Ha! Looks like it! Don't pretend.
You're like a cat licking the cream.

Ben

Now somebody ask me how I'm sure of
our little scheme. Well, when he lifted his

glass to drink, I closed my eyes; and I saw
those bricks commencing to rise.

Regina

I saw a lot more than that.
Birdie and I have just been planning what we
want. I know what I want.
What will you want, Ben, now we'll be Big Rich
— what will you want?

Ben

Caution. Don't count the chickens.
Well, maybe God would allow a little dream.
I think I'll have a stable.

Oscar

The sport of kings!

Ben

Why not the sport of Hubbards?

Oscar

Why not?

Regina

Why not? Now we'll be Big Rich,
Oscar, what will you have?

Oscar

The pleasure of seeing the bricks rise,
and then, we might take a few little trips —
ha, Birdie, what do you say?

Birdie (*surprised at being consulted*)

Yes, Oscar. I'd like that.
I'd like —

Oscar

What would you like?

Birdie

Well, two things I'd like most.

Regina

Just two! I'd like a thousand.
You are modest, Birdie.

Birdie (*delighted with the unexpected interest*)

I should like to have Lionnet back.

(They all turn their backs on her.)

I know you own it now,
but I should like to see it
the way Mama and Papa had it.
The trims of zinnias on the lawn —
down to the river —

Ben

That's a pretty picture, Birdie.
What do you want, Regina?

Birdie (*not noticing that they are no longer
listening to her*)

Nobody ever lost their temper at Lionnet.
No one was nasty-spoken or mean, no sir.
Oscar, please let me have Lionnet back.

Ben (*interrupting*)

What do you want, Regina?

Regina

Oh, I am going to Chicago. And when I know the
right things to buy, I shall go to New York and
Paris, and buy them. And I'll leave you and Oscar
to count the bricks.

Oscar

But what about Alexandra?
Old enough to be thinking of marrying.

Birdie

And I have just one more wish.

Oscar

What is it, Birdie? What are you saying?

Birdie

I want you to stop shooting animals
just for the killing.
You only throw them away —

Ben (*to Regina*)

It'll take lots of money to live like that.

Regina

Certainly. We'll be Big Rich.
Just think of all the money.

Birdie

If only we had Lionnet back
I know we would all be happy.

Oscar

Big Rich. Big Rich.

Ben

Yes, I'm thinking of it — for myself.

Regina (*to Ben*)

What did you say?

Birdie

For I've always wanted to speak about it, Oscar.

Ben (*to Regina*)

I said I am —

Oscar

Big Rich. Big Rich.
(to Birdie)
What are you chattering there?

Birdie

About Lionnet.

Oscar

You are exciting yourself.

Regina (*to Ben*)

I didn't hear that. There was too much noise.

Oscar (*to Birdie*)

Very childish and excited all evening.

Regina

What did you say, Ben?

Birdie

Now we'll be so rich,
everyone said what they would like —

Ben

I said —

Oscar

Very well. We've all heard you. That's enough
now.

Ben

I am waiting!

Birdie

So I said what I would like, too.
I'm sure —

Regina

Stop it now, Ben wants to talk.

Oscar

I said that's enough.

Ben

I am waiting for you to finish.
Four conversations are three too many.

(Birdie sits down. Ben smiles at Regina.)

I said that I had, and I do, estimate the profits
very high — for myself, and Oscar, of course.

Regina

And what does that mean?

(Ben shrugs, looks toward Oscar.)

No.6a: I don't know

Oscar

Well, Regina, Ben means that we are ready with our share of the Marshall deal. Your third — your husband's third, I mean — doesn't seem to be ready.

Regina

You know as well as I Horace is ill in Johns Hopkins Hospital with heart trouble.

Oscar

He could answer letters, couldn't he? Ben has been very patient, Regina.

Regina

I've given my word that Horace will put up the money. That should be enough.

Ben

It isn't enough now. Marshall returns next Friday. The contracts must be signed then.

Regina

And you need Horace. Has it occurred to you that Horace is also a good business man?

Ben

Certainly. He built up his own bank.

Regina

And that, possibly, he may be keeping silent because he doesn't think he's getting enough for his money?

Oscar

Nonsense.
He knows he'll make ten times that —

Ben

That is not what Regina means.
(*smiling*)

May I interpret you, Regina?

(*to Oscar*)

Regina is saying that Horace wants more than a third of our share.

Oscar

But he's only putting up a third of the money.
You put up a third, and you get a third.
What else could he expect?

Regina (*shrugging*)

I don't know. I don't know.
I guess that is the way it should go.
It would seem, if you put up a third,
you should only get a third.
But there's no law about it, that I've heard.
I should think, if you knew
that your money was very badly needed —
well, you might just say, I want more.
I want a bigger share.
You boys have done that.
I've heard you say so.

Ben

Ha! It isn't Horace at all.
It's *you*, holding out for a larger share.
Am I right, Regina?

Regina

Horace is a very sick man. He has only me.
It seems only natural —

Oscar

And where would this larger share come from?

Regina (*shrugging*)

I don't know, and I don't care.
Perhaps it could come off your share, Oscar.

(*Regina and Ben laugh.*)

Oscar

What kind of talk is this?

Ben

I haven't said a thing.

Oscar (*to Regina*)

I don't believe you can even get Horace to come home.

Regina

Oh, I can get him home.

Ben (*leaning forward*)

How?

Regina

You'll see. But before Horace comes home
I want to know — what's he going to get?

Ben

What do you want?

Regina

Twice what you offered.

Ben

Well, you won't get it.

Oscar (*to Regina*)

I think you've gone crazy.

Regina

I don't want to fight, Ben.

Ben

I don't either. There isn't a chance.
You're holding us up, and that's not pretty,
Regina, not pretty.
But we need you, and I don't want to fight.
Here's what I'll do — I'll give Horace forty
percent, instead of thirty-three-and-a-third.
I'll do that — provided he is home, and his
money is up within the week. How's that?

Regina

All right.
I knew you would be reasonable,
I knew you would be fair to me.

8 No. 6b: My, my

Oscar (to Ben)

I've asked before:
Where is this extra share coming from?

Ben

From you. From your share.

Oscar

From me, is it?
That's just fine and dandy.
That's my reward. For thirty-five years I've
worked my hands to the bone for you.
For thirty-five years I've done all the things
you didn't want to do. And this is the way
it turns out. This is what I —

(Addie enters.)

Ben

My, my. First my sister, then my brother.
I am being attacked on all sides tonight,
that's a fact.
And I ain't a man who likes being attacked.
Oscar, I've made you money in the past.
I'll make you more money now.
What difference does it make
if a little more goes here,
a little less goes there —
it's all in the family.
And it will stay in the family.
I'm satisfied I'll never marry,
so my money will naturally go to Leo and Zan.

They may even marry — someday —

Birdie

Marry —

Oscar

That would make a great difference
in my feelings. *If they married.*

Birdie

Zan and Leo — get married —

Oscar

Is that what *you* mean, Regina?

Regina

Well, Leo's such a wild boy.
There were those times
when he took a little money from the bank.

Oscar

That's all past history —

Regina

Oh, I know.
And I know all young men are wild...
And then, they are first cousins.

Oscar

That isn't unusual. Our grandmother
and grandfather were first cousins.

Regina

And look at us.

(Regina and Ben laugh.)

Oscar

You're both being very gay
with my money.

Ben

These quarrels. I dislike them so.
Since Oscar's given up something for you,
Regina — now you should try to manage
something for him.

Regina

I haven't said I'm opposed.
I only think there's a lot to consider.

Ben

Please assure Oscar that you
will think about it very seriously.

Regina (nodding and smiling)

Very well. I assure Oscar
that I will think about it — seriously.

Oscar

That is not an answer.

Regina

I have said all I'm willing to say now.
My, you're in a bad humour,
and you shall put me in one.
Now do leave me alone.

Birdie

But Alexandra is so young —
only seventeen — she —

(The sound is heard of voices outside.)

Regina (calling)

Alexandra. Are you back?

Alexandra

Yes, Mama.

Leo (entering)

Mr. Marshall got off safe and sound.

Alexandra (entering behind him)

No thanks to you, driving those horses.

Regina

I have great news for you, Alexandra. You are
going to Baltimore in the morning, to bring your
father home.

Alexandra

Papa said I should come? Addie, he must be
better. We'll bring him home.

Regina

You are going alone.

Addie

Going by herself? A child that age?

Regina

Go upstairs and lay out her things.

Addie

He'd expect me to be along —

Regina

I'll be up to tell you what to pack.

Birdie

Maybe I could go with her, Regina.

Regina

She's getting old enough to take some responsibility...

Now, Alexandra, you'll be glad to have Papa home again.

Alexandra

I wanted to go before, Mama. You remember that. But you said *you* couldn't go, and that I couldn't go alone.

Regina

I've changed my mind.

9 No.7a: Away**Regina**

You are to say you miss him.

You are to say you need him.

You want him home for your sake.

Alexandra

My sake?

Regina

You are to say what I tell you, nothing more. Just how you miss him. Say that you want him home.

Alexandra

I couldn't make him think it was for me —

Regina

You could not say what I tell you?

Alexandra

No, I couldn't —

Regina

Ah, but you could!

Why can't you do what I tell you to —

(stopping short and smiling pleasantly)

Just think, Alexandra!

Away — to get away, to go off, to go

somewhere — to take a train and go!

When I was younger, I did hunger so for that fine day when I'd go,

and get away from the places I knew.

Far away! To wander on my own,

just me alone, no one to listen to,

no one to stop me, no matter what I'd do!

And when I wanted to do a thing,

I went and did it.

If something seemed worth arguing,

I simply said it.

Can it be you take after me, Alexandra?

The young are babied so,

the young are sugar water today —

no spirit, no fire, no life, no nothing —

the young are soft today!

Now, where's my daughter,

sugar water, gone to?

She'd like to argue.

Look-a here's a brand-new Alexandra.

Oh my, I'd care to hear you say your say,

your own way, some fine day!

So let us argue then —

now, it's not for you,

it's for Papa's sake, of course.

You must let me be the judge

of his condition.

He can get better here.

Tell him I need him,

tell him I miss him,

tell him I want him home.

Alexandra

All right, Mama.

Regina

What, so soon? When I was young,

I loathed and despised anyone

who obeyed so easy.

I said to myself: The idiots!

Idiots! The idiots! Ugh!

It's getting late.

Why don't you all go home?

Ben (rising)

I'll attend to the railroad ticket.

One of the boys will bring it over.

Regina

Good night, Ben. Good night, Oscar.

Don't be so glum, Oscar. It makes you look

as if you had chronic indigestion. You'll see —

Alexandra will bring Horace home, and everybody will have what he wants.

Ben

I hope he comes.

Regina

Oh, Horace will want to come back with Alexandra. Men are so fussy about young girls travelling alone. Aren't they?

Ben

I never thought of that. How do you do it, Regina?

10 No.7b: The best thing of all**Regina**

You know, if you want — if you want —

if you want something that's over the wall,

don't wait — and don't hope —

and don't beg — and don't crawl.

Oh no, you must take what you want.

You must take it in your hand like a ball.

To want and to take is the best thing of all.

Now some in the crowd holler loud

that they want something and want it a lot.

They don't know what they want,

and they hunt — and for what?

Then there are a few — just a few —

oh, they knew pretty well what to pursue,
but mumbled and fumbled and lost it all.
And how about those solemn heroes
in the story,
who fought the fight and died in glory?
They never lived to tell their very heart's desire.
They merely fell into the fire.
We forget them, and we let them fall.
The best thing of all is to want —
is to want something with all of your heart;
to aim, with no shame,
with a true aim at the start.
And if you are good, very good,
when the moment's nearly upon you —
take that moment, and you've got
the best thing of all.

Ben
(*Vocalises*)
I admire that woman.

Oscar
Come along, Birdie.

(*After a moment of indecision, Birdie rises to leave.*)

Ben
(*Vocalises*)
Have a nice trip, Alexandra.
Act like a little lady.

Oscar
She *is* a little lady — almost old enough to get married. Right, son?

Leo
Huh?

Oscar (*annoyed with Leo for not understanding*)
Old enough to get married, you're thinking, right?

Leo
Oh, yes, sir.
Lots of girls get married at Zan's age.
Look at Mary Prester and Katherine Ayre
and Betty Bar and Flora Ray and Juliet Ayre —

(*Oscar, disgusted, pushes Leo out of the door
and leaves with Birdie. Ben vocalises.*)

11 **No.7c: What will it be**

Alexandra
Marry? Me?
What will it be for me?
Will someone say 'I love you'?
What will it be, to be
the one to say 'I love you'?
Will it be all real and right?
And how will it feel
to really love a perfect stranger?
Look in his eyes, and look
and kiss that perfect stranger?
I cannot imagine it quite.
It's like nothing else before,
the opening of a door
to the light.
I stand at the door, and wait,
and wonder who'll come knocking;

who'll stand outside, and wait,
and wonder will I open?
Open to what dazzling light?
My life is waiting for me.
I wonder, what will it be?

12 **No.8: Birdie and Zan**

Birdie (*rushing in excitedly*)
Zan, Zan!

Alexandra
It's all right, Aunt Birdie.

Birdie
Zan, it's about Leo.

Alexandra
Well, he beat the horses again.
He always does.

Birdie (*frantically holding Alexandra's hand*)
My own son — but you are more to me
than Leo, my own child.

Alexandra
Don't worry about the horses.
I'm sorry I told you.

Birdie
I'm not worrying about the horses.
It's you I'm worrying about. You!!
They want to make you marry him.

Alexandra
Marry?

Birdie
Zan, I couldn't stand to think about it.
You and Leo —

Alexandra
I'm certainly not going to marry Leo.

Birdie
I couldn't stand to think of such a thing.
You mustn't.

(*Oscar enters.*)

They'll make you. You mustn't.
Oh, Zan —

Alexandra (*taking Birdie's hands quietly, firmly*)
Aunt Birdie, I'm grown now.
Nobody can make me do anything.

Birdie
They'll make you,
and I couldn't stand that —

Oscar
Birdie.

(*Drawing quickly away from Alexandra, Birdie
stands rigid, frightened.*)

Birdie, get your hat and coat.

Addie (calling from upstairs)
Come on, baby. Your mama's waiting.

Alexandra
Good night, Aunt Birdie.
(to Addie)
All right.
(She runs up the stairs.)

(Birdie begins to move slowly toward the door. As she attempts to pass Oscar, he slaps her hard, across the face. Birdie cries out, putting her hand to her face. Hearing the cry, Alexandra runs downstairs again.)

Alexandra
Aunt Birdie! What happened?

Birdie (without turning round)
Nothing, darling. Nothing happened.
I only twisted my ankle. It was nothing.
(Oscar goes out.)

Now go to bed.

(Birdie goes out. Alexandra stands on the stairs, looking puzzled and frightened.)

ACT TWO

Scene 1
The living room, a week later, evening.

(Addie stands at the window, looking out. The room is in a state of preparation for the party. Much bustling about on the part of Cal. Regina, wearing a dressing gown, her hair down, keeps appearing and disappearing at the upstairs landing.)

13 No. 1: Oh, Addie, where are you?

Regina
Oh, Addie, where are you? You send Belle up to me right away, I want my hair fixed. You hear me?
(She disappears, then reappears.)

(Addie gestures to Cal to get Belle.)

Addie, I don't know where she put the silver buckles to my slippers. I can't find them anywhere, Addie. Did you tell Belle to come up right away? Did you, Addie?
(She disappears, then reappears.)
Where's Cal? Oh, there you are. Cal, did you put the lanterns on the trees? No, don't light them now. We've another hour and a half yet, and I don't want them all burned out.
(She disappears, then reappears.)

(Cal goes out.)

Now, Addie, there's a dozen things to do before the party. Don't stand there brooding by the window the whole day long. You know you won't bring them home any faster that

way. Addie, come away, you hear me?
(She disappears again.)

(Belle enters from the kitchen and goes upstairs. Leo comes in from the dining room, very snappily dressed in evening clothes.)

14 No. 2: Deedle doodle

Leo
Deedle doodle, deedle deedle doodle.
Love a party, I love a party.
Deedle doodle, deedle deedle doodle.
Love a party. They always call me the life of the party.
Oh, right nice. Right pretty.
Pretty wise. Pretty witty.
Born for the big city.
Wasted. What a pity.
Deedle deedle deedle deedle
deedle deedle dee doo.
Deedle doodle —
Good sandwiches, Cal.

Cal
Don't eat them all up before the party,
Mr. Leo.

Leo
Deedle doodle —
Had any word yet?

Cal
Not a word.

Addie
No message at all.
If Zan say they coming this morning,
they should of been here.

Leo
That Zan! She's too dumb to send a message.

Addie
Something bad must have happened.
(She goes into the kitchen.)

Leo
Oh, Addie.

(During the following lyrics, Leo, discovering that he is alone, begins a stealthy search over the room, stopping at a drawer or a closet, opening it and closing it in disappointment. Oscar comes in from the hall, unnoticed by Leo; seeing him searching, Oscar goes to a special drawer, takes out a big box of cigars, opens it, and stands waiting.)

Leo
Right nice, right pretty...
Pretty wise, pretty witty.
Born for the big city.
Wasted...
What a pity.
Deedle deedle deedle deedle
deedle dee doo.
(He bumps into Oscar.)

15 No.3: These cee-gars what you looking for, son?

Oscar

These cee-gars what you looking for, son?

Leo (*reaching*)

Yes, sir. Thank you, s—

(Oscar snaps the box shut and turns away.)

Oscar

That's what I thought. Quite a sneak thief you're turning into.

(sniffing)

Leo, you smell!

Leo

Just toilet water, Papa.

Oscar

Toilet water. You took an hour off from the bank to go to the barber shop and get prettied up.

You got to stop that kind of thing, Leo.

Leo

Yes, sir.

Oscar

You also got to stop chasing Joe Horns' wife, that Ethelinda.

She's a married woman.

You got to start working harder at the bank.

Convince your Uncle Horace you going to make a

fit husband for Alexandra.

They get home yet?

(looking up the stairs)

Leo

No, sir. No message. No message at all.

Bet Aunt Regina's worried.

Seventy-five thousand dollars worried.

Oscar

Ought to be worried.

First he don't answer letters.

Then he don't come home.

Leo

Suppose Uncle Horace don't wanna —

Oscar

Don't wanna put up the money?

What do I care? I been plucked already.

But don't you worry none.

I ain't so easily licked.

(taking Leo's arm)

I'm bound to get mine, yours and mine,

just wait and see.

Ain't no one going to do this kind of thing to me.

Leo

Uncle Horace got plenty and plenty of stocks and bonds.

Why, sitting right there in his safety box is eighty-eight thousand worth of bonds.

All he's gotta do is open the box.

Oscar

That's right, he's got bonds.

Had 'em for years, the sly old fox.

Now tell me how you come to know they're in that box?

Leo (*frightened*)

Oh, well. Well, er —

One of the boys opened the box, yes sir, you see — one of the boys — it was Joe Horns, he took the key.

Then he asked me if I wanted to see —

but I made him close it right up in front of me, yes *sir!*

Oscar

Aha. Joe Horns, you say?

He was the one who opened the box?

I won't be angry. Tell me, son.

Did you open the box?

Leo

Oh, no. No, sir. I told you

I didn't open it, not me —

Oscar

I swear I won't be angry with you, Leo.

You should get credit for using your eyes.

Tell me, did you open the box?

Leo (*shaking his head*)

No, sir, I didn't —

Oscar (*nodding to indicate 'Yes'*)

It might be a good thing if you did.

Now did you, son?

Leo

Well — I opened it.

(Regina appears on the landing. Her hair-do is partially done.)

Regina

Who's down there?

Oh, it's you, Oscar. What, you too, Leo? You're both too early. I asked you nine o'clock, not seven-thirty — wait a minute. There's something you can do for me. I'll be down as soon as I can get my hair done. Stay right there. My Lord, what a house.

(She disappears.)

Leo

Deedle doodle deedle deedle doodle —

Oscar (*leaning forward, looking at Leo*)

Son. Don't be afraid.

Did anyone see you look in the box?

Did your Uncle Horace ever know you opened that box?

Leo

Uncle Horace?

He don't ever look in the box at all.

They just sitting quiet, them bonds and all.

Imagine ignoring that pretty sight.
If I had 'em, my, I'd watch them all right.

Oscar

Ah, if. Yes, Leo, if you had the bonds, you'd be rich too.
You don't suppose your Uncle Horace'd lend them to you?

Leo

Papa! You sure you feel all right?
My God — lend them to me?

Oscar

No, I don't guess he'd lend you the bonds.
You'd have a share, a big one, too.
No one acts kind like they ought to do.
Sometimes you got to look out for yourself.
You say he don't ever look in the box.
If he don't look, he won't ever miss 'em.
And would it hurt him? No, it would not,
it wouldn't hurt him at all. You see?
(Picking up the cigars, he pantomimes taking them.)

Remember the cee-gars, son?
Leo, do you gather what I am talking about?

Leo

No, sir, I don't think so, sir.

Oscar

I've begot me a fool.

Leo

Right nice. Right pretty.
Pretty wise. Pretty witty.
Born for the big city.

(Regina comes down the stairs into the room.)

Regina

No, they're not home yet.
And don't ask me what the trouble is.
My, you do fret so, Oscar.

Oscar

Me?

Regina

The whole thing is such a nuisance. I'm going to have to get Horace all dressed for the party, and they've not arrived yet.
Cal! Where are you, Cal?
(Cal appears.)
Did you get the cases open?
No, of course not.
(to Oscar and Leo)
Come in here, both of you.
(She goes towards the dining room.)
I want these champagne cases open.
There's no use ordering Cal.
Cal's perfectly helpless with his hands.
Come on.
Come on — Leo, oh Leo, come on.
Will you hurry?
Oh, Leo and Oscar, come on, come on.

Leo

Deedle doodle
Deedle doodle —

Oscar

Leo, will you never learn how to act.
Come on, come on!

(Regina goes into the dining room. They follow her, Leo last.)

Leo

Love a party,
they always call me the life of the party,
and that's what I am.

16 No.4: Horace's entrance

(Addie comes into the room. Hearing the sound of voices outside, she runs into the hall, reappearing a few seconds later with her arm around the shoulders of Horace, supporting him. He walks stiffly, as if unsure of his balance. Alexandra enters, flushed and excited, her arms full of packages. Addie helps Horace to the sofa.)

Alexandra

Don't tell me how worried you were, Addie. I know. We had to stop in Mobile overnight. Papa didn't feel well.
The trip was too hard on him.

Horace

How are you, Addie?
How have you been?

Addie

All right, Mr. Horace.
Mighty worried about you.

Horace

Well, here we are at last.
I'm glad to be home.
Glad to be sitting down.
How are the others?
Have I asked that before?
I guess I'm quite tired.
How is Cal?
It's been so long since I've seen friends.
Only doctors.

Addie

Them fancy doctors give you help?

Horace

They did their best.
Well, here we are home.

Alexandra

That's Father's medicine. I'll hold it.

Horace

The same old room — I had forgotten.
And yet here it was all this time. It's funny.
The same old stairs — I had forgotten.

What a strange unfamiliar room
to come back to.

Alexandra

I'd better call Mama.

Horace

Not yet, Zan. No, please, dear.
(She stops.)

Don't call anyone right away.
Just let me stay here for a while.

Alexandra

Oh, Papa, you feel bad again?
(She holds up the bottle of medicine.)

Horace *(shaking his head)*

No, I'm all right, darling.
Just tired.

Addie

They're all in there.
There's going to be a big party.

Alexandra

A party? With Papa sick?
He mustn't see anybody.

Addie *(leading Alexandra to the stairs)*

Let your Papa rest for a minute.

Alexandra *(talking as she walks up the stairs)*

This medicine, it's very special. I'll take one of
the bottles upstairs.

17 No.5: Greetings

Alexandra

Remember about his medicine, Addie.

Addie *(calling to her)*

You want your supper?

Alexandra

No, I don't think so.
How's Aunt Birdie? Is she here?
(She disappears.)

*(Horace, having watched Alexandra leave,
motions to Addie.)*

Horace

Addie, before I see anybody —
why did Zan come to fetch me home?

Addie

All I know is big things are going on.
Everybody gonna be high tone rich.
You too.

Horace

I've heard about that.

Addie

And, er — well, Zan she going to marry Leo in a
little while.

Horace

What are you talking about?

Addie

That's the talk, God help us.
There's gonna be a wedding.
Over my dead body there is.

Horace *(rising with effort)*

Go and tell them I'm home. Go on, Addie.

*(Addie opens the dining room doors. Ben
appears from the hall.)*

Addie

Miss Regina. They're home. They got here.
(She goes into the kitchen.)

*(Regina runs into the room, Oscar and Leo come
from the dining room, Ben from the hall.)*

Regina

Horace! You've finally arrived.

Ben

I saw you from my window. Hello, Horace.
(He steps forward; they shake hands.)

Oscar

You're a sight for sore eyes. Am I right?
And how do you feel? Tip-top, I bet —
that's the way you're looking.

Horace *(irritated by Oscar's lie)*

Hello, hello, Oscar.
Leo, how are you?

Leo

Fine, sir.
A lot better, now that you're back.

Regina

Let him sit down a minute, will you?

Horace *(sitting)*

Well, it's just as if I'd never been away.
All of you here —

Ben

Waiting to welcome you home.

Regina

Whatever happened? And where's Alexandra?

*(Birdie bursts in, wearing a flannel kimono; she is
flushed and excited.)*

Birdie

Horace!
(She runs to him.)

Horace *(warmly pressing her arm)*

Birdie, I was wondering where you were.

Birdie

Oh, I would've been here! I've been watching for
you.
(She draws back to look at him. Her face sobers.)
Oh, you don't look well, Horace. No, you don't —

Regina
Birdie, what a thing to say —

Horace (*looking at Oscar*)
Oscar thinks I look very well.

Oscar
Birdie!

Birdie (*turning to the stairs*)
Where is Zan?

Oscar
Did you come across the square in that?

Birdie
Me? Oh, it's my wrapper.
(*looking nervously towards the stairs*)
I was so excited —

Oscar
My dear Birdie —

Horace
Yes, it's just like old times.

Regina (*quickly, to Oscar*)
No, no fights. This is a holiday.

Birdie (*shouting up the stairs*)
Zan! Zannie!

Oscar
Birdie!

(*She stops.*)

Birdie (*slinking out*)
Oh. Tell Zan I —
Excuse me, Oscar.
(*She leaves.*)

Regina (*to Oscar and Ben*)
Why don't you go finish in there?
Let Horace rest a minute.

Ben (*going towards the dining room with Oscar*)
Well, we're mighty glad to see you home,
Horace. Fine to have you back.

Oscar
Fine to have you back.

Leo (*calling from the dining room*)
Fine to have you back, sir.

Oscar (*to Leo, as Ben closes the dining room doors*)
Your mother's gone crazy.
Running around the streets in a wrapper —

16 No.6: Horace and Regina

(*Regina and Horace are left alone.*)

Regina
Well.

Horace
Well.

Regina
Well, here we are. It's been a long time.
Five months. Horace —
You know I wanted to come and be with you.
But was my duty here, or with you?
You know how much I wanted to.

Horace
There was no need to come, Regina.

Regina
Oh, but there was. Don't tell me
you didn't have a bad time of it.

Horace
At first.
After I knew the truth about my condition,
I liked it — lying there, thinking.

Regina
You *liked* it?
And here I was, imagining you were in pain.

Horace
I was in pain.

Regina
And instead you were having a holiday!
A holiday of thinking.
What were you thinking about?

Horace
About us.

Regina
About us? About you and me?
After all these years.
You shall tell me everything you thought — some
day.

Horace
Regina, why did you send Zan to Baltimore?

Regina
Because I wanted you home.
You can't make anything suspicious out of that,
can you?

Horace
Listen, Regina, let's just say I've come home.
Don't let us quarrel now.
(*hesitatingly taking her hand*)
Why should we fight and argue so?

Regina (*trying to be warm and friendly*)
Horace, you're right, we mustn't fight.
I only had her go because I missed you so.

Horace
I was truly pleased, you know.
And there isn't so much more time.

Regina
I didn't mean to sound unpleasant at all.
It was just stupid of me.

Horace

Neither did I. Whatever for?

Regina

So, we shall not quarrel.

Horace

No, don't let us quarrel any more.

Regina

Horace, I missed you —
really missed you this time.

Horace (*touched*)

An old dry-bones like me.

Regina

Look at me, and let me look at you.

For two old dry-bones,
somehow I think we'll do.

Look at me — don't turn your face away.

For two old dry-bones,
there's still another summer day.

Young love can be so wild and free.

It's mindless of what young love will pay,
a later day.

Look at you — your tie is all askew.

Just two old dry-bones, we two —
and we can have our summer day.

Horace

Dry-bones — that's me, all right.

You're still very beautiful, Regina.

Regina

Am I?

Horace

I suppose they've written you.

You know I can't last very long.

Regina

I have never understood why people have to talk
about this kind of thing.

Horace

You misunderstand me, Regina.

I don't mean to gossip.

I thought it only fair to tell you.

I wasn't asking for your sympathy.

Regina

What do the doctors think caused your bad
heart? Could it have been your fancy women
that — ?

Horace

That caused my heart to be bad?

You don't catch heart trouble in bed.

Regina

No, but you might catch a bad conscience — in
bed, as you say.

Horace

I didn't tell them about my bad conscience.

Or about my fancy women.

Nor did I tell them that my wife has not

wanted me in bed for — how long is it,

Regina? Ten years?

Did you bring me home to make me feel

guilty again?

That means you want something.

(*He rises.*)

Regina (*desperately trying to change his mood*)

Horace, now there, you see, we're fighting once
more! And I want so much not to fight.

I know you're tired, but I want Ben to tell you
something.

Horace

Tomorrow.

(*He sits down.*)

Regina

I'd like to now.

(*She opens the door to the dining room.*)

Ben, Horace would like to talk to you.

Horace

Horace would not like to talk to you.

I am very tired, Regina.

(*He takes some pills.*)

Regina (*coming to him*)

Please. Please do this for me now.

You'll see — everything's got to be settled.

(*Oscar, Leo and Ben enter from the dining room.*)

Now tell Horace all about it.

Only be quick — he's very tired and he must
dress for the party.

(*Horace takes the medicine.*)

Ben (*to Horace*)

Can I get you something for your medicine?

Horace

Some water, please.

Regina (*turning quickly*)

Oh, I'm sorry. Let me.

(*She brings him a glass of water.*)

Ben (*as Horace drinks*)

It could wait.

Regina

What an old faker you are! You know it can't
wait. Marshall will be here tonight.

You've been just as anxious for Horace to get
here as I've been.

Ben

I suppose I have. And why not?

Horace has done Hubbard Sons many a good
turn.

Why shouldn't I want to help him now?

Regina (*laughing*)

Help him! Help him when you need him, you
mean.

Ben
You know I went to Marshall Company in Chicago.

Horace
Yes, I know that.

Ben
Thirty years I tried,
I sighed, I cried:
Bringing the mill to the cotton field.
Thirty years I got down on my knees,
and I appealed.

Horace
You wrote all this in your letters.

Ben
Appealed.

Regina
But you don't know the latest.

Ben
Appealed.

Regina
Tell him.

Ben
Well, it looks like you —
and Regina, too —
could take advantage of my dream.
You could even get a bigger share
of this whole scheme —

Horace
Very generous of you.

Ben
— my dream —

Horace
Who's taking less?

Ben
It's Oscar.

Horace
Well, Oscar, very unselfish.

Oscar
I'll get mine.
I've got my son's future to think about.

Horace
Leo? Oh, I see. Everybody will get theirs.
What did you promise Marshall?

Ben
Cheap wages.
I'm told up Massachusetts
they get eight a week.
Three silver dollars
would keep our boys nice and meek.
Eh, Horace?

Horace
Even less, I guess,
when you get through

with playing them off against each other —
and getting them to hate each other.

Regina
What's all this about?

Ben
There'll be no trouble from anybody.

Horace
You're right.
(rising)
Well, it looks like a good deal for you boys.

Regina
For us, too.

Horace
Us? You and me? I don't think so.
We'll just sit by and let the boys grow rich.

(They watch Horace tensely as he moves.)

19 No.7: The Business

Horace
How's everything at the bank, Leo?

Leo
Fine, sir, just fine.

Horace
How are all the ladies in Mobile?

(turning sharply to Regina)
Whatever made you think I'd let Zan marry —

(Alexandra comes down the stairs.)

Regina
Are you turning this down?

Ben
Horace is tired. Later on —

Regina *(waving Ben down)*
We can't keep putting it off this way. Tonight —
Marshall will be at the party tonight.

Alexandra
Mama!

Regina
We must know.
We've waited long enough.
I want to know your reasons now.

Horace *(as he starts climbing the steps)*
I don't know them all myself.

Regina
We have waited for you like children.
Waited for you to come home.

Horace
So that is why you wanted me home?
Well — we'll talk about it another day.

Regina (following Horace)

We'll talk about it now. Just you and me.

Alexandra

You're surely not going to have a party tonight?

Regina

Please wait upstairs, Alexandra.

Alexandra

But Papa's sick!

Regina

Horace, I want to talk to you.

Oscar

Ben.

Leo (a light dawning)

Papa.

Oscar

Ben, come here.

(He starts to whisper.)

Horace (going slowly up the steps, looking down at Regina)

Please leave me alone, Regina.

I don't feel well.

Leo (illustrating bonds)

Papa, did you mean?

Regina

I'll be coming up.

Leo

Papa!

Oscar

Shut up, Leo.

(He continues to whisper to Ben.)

Leo

But I think I understand now —

Oscar

I said shut up.

(He continues to whisper to Ben.)

Alexandra (turning wildly to Ben)

Uncle Ben, please make Mama stop —

(She sees Ben and Oscar engaged.)

Ben (to Oscar)

Leo!?

Alexandra (turning to Regina)

I won't let you —

Regina

Mind your business, Alexandra.

Leo

Papa!

Ben (to Oscar)

But how in the world can Leo — ?

Oscar

We'll talk about it.

Ben (pushing Oscar and Leo out)

Let's go for a walk.

Regina (seeing Alexandra help Horace up the stairs)

Horace, I'll be up, very soon.

(Alexandra and Horace disappear.)

Ben (to Regina)

We're going for a little walk, Regina.

(They go out through the main doorway.)

Regina (not noticing the three go out)

Horace!... Yes, I'll have a party.

Yes, I'll have a party.

Party? Of course I'll have my party.

I've ordered the musicians from Mobile...

CD2

Scene 2

1 No. 1: Gottschalk

The setting changes as a trio of musicians in

evening-clothes slides in on a panel behind the French windows, already seated at a piano and music stands except for the Maestro, first violinist, who stands. They strike up a 'Romance sans paroles' at once and continue playing throughout Regina's monologue.

Regina

Now let me see. Who's coming? Cordelia Adair, the billowy blonde, recently bereaved.

(Cordelia appears in full evening regalia, escorted by two young men, also formally attired. She is coquettish, and flicks her fan at them.)

My old beau, John Bagtry, just back from — which war is it now? My husband needs perhaps another kind of medicine.

(Bagtry steps in, a tall, distinguished Stevenson-like character, gray-haired, wearing an elegant but unidentifiable uniform, probably a variation of British-Colonial.)

Manders and Joe Horns from the bank, accompanied by wives. Stuffy but alright.

(Manders leads in his wife Grace. Joe and Ethelinda Horns come from opposite sides. All are in evening clothes. They form a group.)

Miles and Sarah Maury, the respectable elderlies.

(They enter, pleasant-looking old people.)

Little mouseie Iva Hodge.

(Iva enters, youngish but already an old maid.)

Alexandra's Angel Band on the verandah, just window dressing.

(The Band is sitting idly on the side, a little uncomfortable, with their instruments beside them.)

Some young people for the dancing.

(Unobtrusively, the dancers, also in evening clothes, are filling the room.)

And Horace — yes, Horace...

(She looks at her pendant breast-watch.)

My goodness it's late, I must dress.

(She disappears.)

By now the living room is gone, the verandah, decorated festively, taking its place. The french windows act as a passage-way for the guests, some of whom come out onto the verandah. The musicians continue playing in the living room. The next number, sung by the chorus of guests, has the same theme as the 'Romance sans paroles'; but now it is practically a 'Romance chargée de paroles'.

Her festive board will reward the hearty.
Champagne in ice just twice a season.
Who dares decline does treason, oh —
music abounds, and sounds right arty.

A lovely party, and sweet withal,
to see Regina being the belle of her own ball.

The Hubbard hand is grand and generous,
and they can well afford the cost.
Of old and young, among the lot of us,
there's none they have not double-crossed.

We foot the bill, so swill right hearty.
A bang-up party, and quaint withal,
to call the Hubbards the honoured guests at their
own ball.

Notice that the visitor from up North
she kept for herself — naturally.

Look at John Bagtry in a froth,
still waiting on the shelf — mournfully.

Have I ever told you of the time.
Ben Hubbard took my last dime?

Yes, you have, regularly.

If you know your Hubbards in the prime,
you can bet it's not the last time.

Drink hearty!

Would you like to feel the blood a-rushing up
your face?

Well, the tale that we could tell'd make you
blush for the entire human race.

I can't believe Regina would command
sick Horace to be present. There he is.
Story goes that Oscar took his hand to his wife.

Oh, unpleasant. Poor Birdie!
I was quite a giddy young man,
but that Leo takes the cake now.

What a young scatterbrain!
I hear they're gonna marry him to Zan.
What a husband he will make now.
Drink hearty!

As we play the Hubbard little game of
cat-and-mouse,
there are others in the town'd like to die
before they'd set foot in this house.

What became of dignity, and true gentility?
But we've just sighed, and pocketed our pride,
and sold it down the river — Dixie!
Hooray, hooray, hooray, hooray,
who took away that little tray?

So drink it down, and drown your sorrow.
Comes soon tomorrow, and beg and bribe,
and steal and borrow,
and maybe freeze and fry,
and wait around to die
for the Hubbard tribe.

Sing ho, sing Hubbard.
Sing Regina, Ben, Oscar,
sing Hubbard.
(Hubbard Sons, General Store, Cotton Goods,
Landlords, Carpet Baggers, Loans, Insurance —
that's the thing.)
Sing ho, sing Hubbard.
Sing Regina, Ben, Oscar,
sing Hubbard.

(They'll make you rich and make you poor
and harry you and carry you and marry you and
bury you and steal your wedding ring.)

Sing. Eat. Gobble. Guzzle. Swill. Perish. Rot.
For what? For Hubbard!
Drink hearty!

3 No.3: Transition

(The pit orchestra plays as the guests disperse into the house, drinking and talking. Then the music halts; the Maestro taps his music-stand with his bow.)

Maestro

Ladies and gentlemen — Messieurs, Mesdames.
Grand Polka de Salon.
Polka.

4 No.4a: Polka

(The musicians, both on-stage and in the pit, strike up the Polka. The guests dance. Ben, Oscar and Leo enter the verandah as the Polka music continues quietly.)

Ben

You really think Leo can pull this thing off?

Oscar

Course he can.
Leo, you'd better go right now.

Leo

Yes, sir. Would you like me to — ?

Ben

Just go.

Leo

Yes, sir.
(*He goes out.*)

Oscar

Well, that's that.

Ben

I hope so.
Go say something nice to Birdie.
Be nice to her.

Oscar

Hello, Birdie.

Horace

Evening, Manders.

Manders

Well, sir, we've missed you at the bank.

Horace

Oh, Manders, I want to draw up a new will tomorrow. Will you bring my papers and safe deposit box around in the morning?

Manders

Yes, sir, first thing.

Horace

Thank you.

(*Marshall and Regina enter the verandah.*)

Marshall

My dear sir, should you be out on the verandah so soon?

Regina

Oh, he's much better really. Aren't you?

Horace

Marshall, do the women in Chicago order their menfolk about?

Marshall

Oh, yes. That's universal, I guess. And a pleasure, when it's such beautiful women.

Horace

My wife is beautiful, isn't she?

Marshall

Chicago would be at her feet.

Regina

What a pity beauty isn't so successful everywhere. Come, Mr. Marshall, the ladies are dying to meet you.
(*She takes him inside.*)

Alexandra (*running to Horace and beckoning to Jazz and the Band*)

Papa, this is my band — the Angel Band. And this is Jazz, their leader, and his little brother Chinkypin. He's been to New Orleans. Would you like them to play for you, Papa?

Horace (*interested*)

Oh, yes, I would. Please. Anytime the dancing has stopped.

Jazz

Yes, *sir*, Mr. Horace. Thank you.

(*They go back to their places. Regina, who has returned without Marshall, comes over to Horace.*)

Regina

You might try to act friendly. Especially in front of Mr. Marshall.

Horace

I'm sure you'll make up for my deficiency.

(*Regina controls herself and moves away. The Polka comes to an end. A patter of applause from the guests who start coming out on the verandah for air. One or two of the men mop their brows. The pit orchestra quietly takes up 'Naught's a Naught'.)*

5 No.4b: Chinkypin

Cordelia

Regina, you look lovely.

Regina

Thank you, Cordelia. Is that a new dress?

Cordelia (*to Regina's back*)

You know it's not.

Regina

It looks so pretty.

(*The Angel Band begins a long slow recitative, to amuse themselves. The white guests at first look at them curiously, then ignore them, going on with their conversations.*)

Jazz

Listen to the ladies — making pretty lady talk.
(*The Band sighs.*)
Now, what-all do them-all people...

Miles Maury (*with a group of guests*)

My family used to go to Saratoga Springs every summer. For the waters, not the people.

Jazz

... people, people, people —
Think they doing — in there?

(*Chinkypin enters from the side, intrigued by the lights and the music. No one sees him — yet.*)

Jazz

So polite, so stuck-up.
 Don't they ever break down?
 Break down, break down, break down.
 Stuck-up.
 Break down, break down, break down.
 Stuck-up, stuck-up.
 Have a real good time, a good time?

Cordelia *(with another group of people)*

Used to see him and her, every night.
 Every night, him and her.
 Lying on the grass. Word of honour.
 Big and bold as brass.

Jazz *(picking up the guests' talk as it is carried over, incorporating it into the maw of his recitative)*

Big as brass.
 Bold as brass.
 Lying on the grass.

(Now the Band notices Chinkypin. He dances for their pleasure.)

Jazz

Chinkypin. Chinkypin.
 Hello, Chinkypin, where you been?
 What you doing, Chinkypin, out so late?
 Should have been-a tucked in, half-past eight.
 Hey — Chinkypin.

Little Chinkypin a-peeking,
 peeking inda winda.

Little Chinkypin a-sneaking
 in a little peeking.
 Peeking inda winda.

See the folks acting smarty,
 the folks at the party.
 The laughing, the chaffing —
 the joking, smoking —
 Oh, what a sight.
 Little boy, you is getting educated tonight.

Little Chinkypin a-looking at Miss Ethelinda.
 Little Chinkypin, stay looking,
 'cause it ain't a sin ta,
 at Miss Ethelinda.
 lovely Ethelinda — in da — winda.
 Here she come!

(Ethelinda and Joe Horns come out.)

Joe

Ethelinda, I thought I told you to be nice to Leo.

Ethelinda

Joe, that Leo's been making up to me for months.

Joe

His uncle owns the bank where I work. I'll ask you to remember that. Now when he comes back, you show him a good time. You hear me?
(He leaves Ethelinda on the verandah.)

Jazz

Hey! Let's have a real good time.

Angel Band

Let's have a real good time!

Jazz

Everybody have a good time.

Angel Band

Everybody have a good time.

Jazz

Play the music.

Angel Band

Play it sweetly.

Jazz

Scatter music.
 Play it!

(The Band plays a bold, relaxed stomp. The pit orchestra joins in for the play-off. At the number's conclusion, Addie enters, goes to Regina, whispers.)

Regina

Refreshments, everybody!

(She goes inside to preside. The guests move quickly in beside her. Leo enters.)

Ethelinda

Leo!

Leo

Miss me, Ethelinda?

Addie *(to Jazz and the Band)*

You all come along out back.

Jazz

Something to eat, Addie?

Addie

You'll see. Ask Belle to give you.

(The Band goes off. Ben and Oscar go to Leo.)

Ben

Well, Leo? Did you get 'em?

Leo *(patting his breast-pocket proudly)*

Right here, sir.

Ben

Excellent.
(He goes to Marshall who is conversing with Birdie.)
 Oh, Mr. Marshall, I hate to disturb you — but business will out, as they say.

Marshall

Of course.
(to Birdie)
 Excuse me, Mrs. Hubbard.

(Ben and Oscar leave with Marshall. Birdie comes shyly over to Leo, puts her arm in his. He turns rudely to her.)

Birdie

Oh, Leo.

Leo

Mama, I'm busy. Say, you look a sight.

Birdie

Do I, Leo?

Ethelinda

Now is that a way to treat your Mama?

Leo

Well, you do. You been drinking?

(Now Ethelinda is really indignant. Birdie flushes.)

You'll have to excuse me now, Ethelinda — I got important business.

Ethelinda

Don't hurry none on my account.

(She sees Birdie on the verge of tears. After a moment of indecision, she goes abruptly inside to join the guests.)

6 No.5: Blues

(Birdie and Addie are alone on the verandah. Birdie is tumultuous with humiliation. She sits on the steps, bursts into tears. Addie steps towards her.)

Addie

Miss Birdie, ma'am — don't.
Night could be time to sleep.
Night could be time to weep.

Please, Miss Birdie.

Night could be time of ease,
rubbing out memories.

Please, Miss Birdie.

Till what the day may be bringing,
here's singing.

The night is blue, is blue,
because it got one thousand eyes.

The night is blue, so blue,
because it got one thousand eyes.
It see so much that make
it wish it wasn't half so wise.

If you was like the night,
and you could see the things there are —
If you was like the night,
and you could see the things there are —
then you'd be blue, like you
ain't never been before so far.

(On the next stanza, Birdie lends her voice.)

Maybe you knows the woes
that making folks so blue tonight.
Maybe you knows the woes
that making folks so blue tonight.
Then let your own alone,
and they'll go out, just like the light.

Night could be time to sleep.
Night could be time to weep.
Please, Miss Birdie.

Birdie

Addie, where'd you learn that?

Addie

Just made it up, Miss Birdie.
They call it the Blues.

Birdie

Blues. Thank you, Addie.

(Birdie goes back into the living room, passing Regina and John Bagtry, who are coming out.)

Bagtry

Regina, I've been tagging behind you all evening.

Regina

John, did you see Mr. Marshall?

Bagtry *(impatiently)*

Oh, Mr. Marshall, Mr. Marshall.

Regina

I saw him go in with Ben. Are they still talking?
John Bagtry, are you going to be tiresome?

(Horace wheels himself out on the verandah.)

Oh, there you are, Horace. Have you changed
your mind yet?

Horace

About what?

Regina

You know very well about what.

Horace

I don't seem to have changed my mind about
anything.

Regina

I can remember a time when all I had to do was
ask you for something...

Maestro

Ladies and gentlemen, Messieurs, Mesdames.
Valse de Concert.
Waltz!

7 No.6: Waltz

(As the music starts, Regina turns to Bagtry.)

Regina

John, let's dance.
(She takes his arm, and, with an eye towards Horace, begins to waltz with Bagtry. Then she sings to him:)

Do you wish we had wed years ago?

You remember I said we might marry then —
and then you went away.

Do you wish we had wed that day?

If you could, would you care for me now?

Would you sing a sad song with a soulful art to
all my heart requires?

Do you dream what my heart desires?

(They dance a while on the verandah. Horace watches them. Regina, always eyeing him, makes her apparent flirtation with Bagtry more outrageous. She begins to vocalise to the music; Horace wheels himself into the house. Regina turns, sees him gone.)

Bagtry

Still the same restless Regina. Did we make a mistake when we were young?
Did we?

Regina *(seething over her apparent failure to arouse Horace; to Bagtry)*

I was young once, I was a schoolgirl,
I had romantic notions, it's true.
But I soon grew out of my childhood;
you should have done the same, too.
If I'm restless, restless for something —
sorry, that something,
burning anew, is not you.
You're a wretched reply to my fires.
Now hark to my heart's desires:
There are diamonds that sparkle and shine.
There are fineries, furs,
and a thousand things.
I count those things for mine.
I'm no simpering saint with wings,
to whom Vacuous Virtue clings.
I don't mind handling money —
handfuls of money.
Money means things,
and the things I can do with things.

For the half-poor are poorer than poor.
Unhappy, unloved, unsure.
More feeble by far
than the meek and the weak
are the noble, the nibbling,
the Not-Quite-Poor.

I'm in love with things.
You've a thousand rivals: things.
(She sees Marshall approaching.)
Go away, John, Mr. Marshall's coming.

(Bagtry leaves in disgust. Marshall comes out of the house. Behind him, discreetly, come Ben, then Oscar, then Leo. All the Hubbards are smug with triumph.)

8 No.7: Intro and Gallop

Marshall

Good night, dear lady — I really must go now.

Regina

Must you?

Marshall

You know, your brothers make me feel quite old.
They're so wonderfully eager and vigorous in
their dealings.

Regina

We're just a grabbing family, all of us.

Marshall

Not you.

Regina

Yes, me too.

Marshall

Well then, goodbye, dear business-partner. I'm
truly glad it's settled at last.

Regina *(at a loss)*

Settled — ?

Of course.

Leo

I'll get your hat, sir.

Marshall

Goodbye.
(He leaves.)

Regina

Goodbye... Ben! What did he mean it's settled?

Maestro

Ladies and gentlemen. Galop.
Galop.

(The Galop starts. The couples dance and sing. The next lines of Regina and Ben are heard as a sound of altercation only, through the music, singing and dancing.)

Ben

Well, I must go now. I'm driving Marshall to the
station.
(He starts to leave.)

Chorus

Gallop! Gallop! Gallop all around!
Gallop! Gallop! Gallop all around!

Regina

You're not going, I want to talk to you.

Ben

There's nothing to talk about. It's all fixed.
Marshall's got his money.

Chorus

Gallop! Gallop! Gallop all around!
Gallop! Gallop! Gallop all around!

Regina

Marshall's got — what do you mean?

Ben

Just that. Contract's all signed.

Chorus

La la la la la.

Regina

You are lying. You are trying to scare me.

Chorus

La la la la la la.
Gallop! Gallop! Gallop all around!
Gallop! Gallop! Gallop all around!

Regina

You haven't got the money, how could you have it? You can't have — come back here, you!

Ben

Since when do I take orders from you?
(*He goes out.*)

Regina

Wait, you!

Horace (*who has been listening from his wheelchair*)

It's a great day when you and Ben cross swords.

Chorus (*as the men whirl the women about*)

Whew! Whew!

Alexandra (*standing anxiously by Horace's wheelchair*)

Papa! Let's go in.

Horace (*to Regina*)

And so,
you'll not have your millions after all —

Chorus (*whirling*)

Whew! Whew!

Birdie

Horace, what is it?

Horace

— because they don't need you.

Chorus (*still whirling*)

Whew! Whew!

Alexandra

Mama.

Regina (*turning slowly to Horace*)

You hate to see anybody live now, don't you?
You hate to think I'm going to be alive,
and have what I want.

Chorus

Gallop! Gallop! Gallop all around!

Alexandra

Mama! Don't!

Birdie

Regina!

Alexandra

Don't listen, Papa! Just don't listen —

Chorus

Gallop! Gallop! Gallop all around!

Regina

Now I'll tell you why you hate it so.
Because you're going to die.
And you know you're going to die.

Chorus

La la la la la la.
La la la la la la.
Gallop! Gallop! etc.

Birdie

Regina, please!

Alexandra (*in anguish*)

Come away, Papa! Come away! Don't — don't listen!

Regina

You know it, and I know it, too.

Chorus (*whirling*)

Whew — ! Whew — !

Regina

I hope you die.
I hope you die soon.
(*smiling*)
I'll be waiting for you to die.

Chorus (*whirling*)

Whew! Whew! Whew!

Regina (*unaccompanied*)

I'LL BE WAITING.

(*All the singers, musicians, guests, dancing couples, at the sound of her voice, turn to stare at her.*)

ACT THREE

The living room. The next afternoon. (Horace sits in his wheelchair. Birdie, Alexandra and Addie are drinking elderberry wine and eating cookies.)

9 No.1: Rain Quartet

Birdie (*pouring herself some wine*)
Isn't this nice?

Alexandra

Let's have a nice quiet day.
It's a nice quiet rain.

(*They listen to the rain.*)

Make a quiet day.

Birdie

Make a quiet day.

Alexandra

Try for a very quiet day.

Birdie

Make a quiet day.

Alexandra and Birdie

Let's keep it steady and low. Shall we?

Horace and Addie

Shall we?

Alexandra and Birdie

Let's don't bang or bellow so. Shall we?

Horace and Addie

Shall we?

Birdie

Make a quiet day.

Alexandra

But I don't mean mournfulness or sorrow.

Horace and Addie

No no.

Birdie

Make a quiet day.

Alexandra

And I don't mean whispering or tiptoe.

Horace and Addie

No no.

Birdie

No whispering or tiptoe.

Horace and Addie

No no.

Alexandra

No mournfulness or whispering.

Horace and Addie

No no.

All (variously)

That isn't it. That isn't it, etc.

Alexandra

Listen to the rain.

(They listen.)

All

(They vocalise 'la la' etc.)

Rain to welcome and rejoice,
for never does it ever raise the voice.
Keep it low. Very low. Keep it low.
Very low, keep it low. Keep it very low,
very low, very low, very low, very low.

Alexandra

Make a quiet day.

Birdie

Make a quiet day.

Alexandra

Try for a very quiet day.

Birdie

Make a quiet day.

All

How about the sound of falling rain?

How about the sound of falling rain?

Alexandra and Birdie

Let's keep it steady and low. Shall we?

Horace and Addie

Shall we?

Alexandra and Birdie

Let's don't bang or bellow so. Shall we?

Horace and Addie

Shall we?

Addie (loudly)

Make a quiet day.

Alexandra

Oh, but Addie, that's a sound of thunder.

Addie

Sorry.

Birdie (loudly)

Make a quiet day.

Alexandra

But, Aunt Birdie, that is like a brass band.

Birdie

Pardon me.

Alexandra

Let's don't have a brass band.

Horace and Addie

No no.

Birdie

Oh God, don't have no brass band.

Horace and Addie

No no.

All (variously)

Nothing like that. Nothing like that, etc.

Alexandra

Listen to the rain.

(They listen.)

All

(They vocalise 'la la'.)

Listen to the sound of rain.

Would you listen to,

would you listen and keep it low,
keep it low, keep it low, keep it low,
keep it very low, very low, very low,
very low.

Horace

Consider the rain.

The falling of friendly rain,
that serves the earth,
then moves on again.
Consider the rain.
Some people eat all the earth.
Some stand around
and watch while they eat,
and watch while they eat the earth.
Now rain. Consider the rain.

All (*variously*)

The falling of friendly rain.
It serves the earth,
then moves on again.
The nourishing rain.
Some people eat all the earth.
Some people stand around
and watch while they eat.
And watch while they eat the earth.
Now rain. Consider the rain. Rain. Rain.

Alexandra

Papa, we're so solemn!

Horace

Pardon me.

Alexandra

Make a quiet day.

Birdie

Make a quiet day.

Alexandra

Try for a very quiet day.

Birdie

Make a quiet day.

Alexandra

And I don't mean gloominess or sorrow.

Addie and Horace

No no.

Alexandra

And I don't mean whispering or tip-toe.

Horace and Addie

No no.

Birdie

No gloominess or whispering.

Horace and Addie

No no.

All (*variously*)

That isn't it, that isn't it, etc.

Alexandra

Listen to the rain.

*(They listen. We hear, coming from a distance,
Jazz and the Chorus singing, getting louder as
they pass the house, dimming as they go off
down the road.)*

Jazz and Chorus

Have you got good religion?

Certainly, Lord.

Have you got good religion?

Certainly, Lord.

Alexandra

It's Jazz and the Angel Band!

Jazz and Chorus

Have you got good religion?

Certainly, Lord.

Certainly, certainly, certainly, Lord!

Have you been baptized?

Certainly, Lord.

Have you been baptized?

Certainly, Lord.

Have you been baptized?

Certainly, Lord.

Certainly, certainly, certainly, Lord!

Certainly, certainly, certainly, Lord!

Have you been to the well?

Certainly, Lord.

Have you been to the well?

Certainly, Lord.

Have you been to the well?

Certainly, Lord.

Certainly, certainly, certainly, Lord!

Certainly, certainly, certainly, Lord!

Certainly, certainly, certainly, Lord!

Addie, Alexandra, Birdie and Horace

(They vocalise 'la la' etc.)

Listen to the sound of rain.

Would you listen to, would you listen
and keep it low,
keep it low, keep it low, keep it low,
keep it very low, very low, very low, etc.
(laughter)

Would you listen,
would you listen to the rain?

*(Their voices swell. Alexandra tries in vain to
keep them quiet, then gives up in a burst of
laughter. Birdie laughs and pours herself another
glass of wine.)*

Addie

Miss Birdie, that elderberry wine going to give
you a headache again.

[10] No.2: Birdie's Aria

Birdie

Headache? Oh, I don't think it will.
Mama used to say you can stop hiccups
by sipping slowly elderberry wine.
Mama used to say —
I can see her now, laughing.
My first party, and hiccups.
My brother kept pounding me on the back, and
Mama laughing.
Mama always laughed.
Mama always laughed, laughed, laughed.
Holding the elderberry bottle, and laughing.
A lovely party at Lionnet, a lovely dress, come all
the way from Mr. Worth,
in Paris, France —

(*She vocalises.*)
 And me with hiccups.
 Lionnet, Lionnet. Remember Lionnet.
 The lawn down to the river.
 Lionnet.
 The lawn so smooth and lovely to see.
 Lovely to see. Lovely it used to be.
 And the music at Lionnet,
 the singing on the river.
 And people came,
 and loved to come and listen there.
 We sang. How we sang.
 (*She vocalises.*)
 Oh, if we could all go back,
 if we only could to Lionnet.
 People would be better there,
 they'd be kind and good at Lionnet.
 I like people to be kind.
 Don't you? Of course you do,
 don't people to be kind.
 Leo isn't kind. Leo isn't kind.
 You all want to know something?
 Leo isn't kind. I don't like Leo.
 My very own son, and I don't like him at all.
 My, I guess I even like Oscar more.
 I thought I liked Oscar.
 I thought he liked me too.
 I married him.
 He was so nice and kind then.
 So kind. Yes. I married him.
 I thought — I thought —
 Everybody knew why he chose me.
 Everybody knew it was true.
 Everyone but me.
 Ben Hubbard wanted the cotton

on Lionnet then.
 And Oscar Hubbard married it for Ben.
 Why would I not see
 what was plain to see?
 Ev'rybody knew but me.
 Stupid, stupid me!
 Oscar Hubbard married me
 so that they could take our Lionnet.
 Headache — headache —
 I've never had a headache in all my life.
 You all know that.
 That's just a lie they tell for me.
 I drink.
 All by myself in my own room,
 by myself, I drink.
 Look at me, I drink.
 Then they try to hide it:
 'Birdie's got a headache, a headache,
 a headache, a headache again.'
 (*to Alexandra*)
 And now even you won't love me,
 Won't love me, won't love me any more.
 And that's good.
 Don't love me.
 Don't, don't love me.
 Because in twenty years
 you'll be just like me.
 Trailing after them like me,
 hoping they won't see.
 Hoping for one day
 that they won't be mean,
 or say something to make you feel so bad!
 Lionnet. Lionnet. Lionnet.
 (*She vocalises.*)

Alexandra
 Come, Aunt Birdie,
 I'll walk you home.
 Just you and me.

Birdie
 You and me.

(*Birdie and Alexandra go out.*)

11 No.3: Horace and Addie

Horace
 Addie. Take Zan away.

Addie
 How can I do that?

Horace
 I'll fix it so they can't stop you. Take her away
 from here. Pretty soon there'll be nobody but
 you to help her. You'll go, Addie?

Addie
 Yes, sir. I promise.

Horace
 I'm having a new will made. I always wanted to
 leave you something for yourself.

Addie
 A coloured woman in a white man's will! I'd
 never get it nohow, Mr. Horace.

Horace
 I know. In the armoire drawer upstairs — there's
 seventeen hundred dollar bills. It's in an envelope
 with your name. It's for you.

Addie
 Seventeen hun — My God, Mr. Horace, I won't
 know how to count up that high. It's mighty kind
 and good of you. I don't know what to say for
 thanks.

(*Addie moves to the box.*)

Horace
 Don't take that box away, Addie. I want it to stay
 there — right where Mr. Manders left it this
 morning. You understand?

Addie
 Yes, sir. I —

(*Regina comes in from the hall. Addie leaves.*)

12 No.4: Horace and Regina

Regina
 We had agreed that you were to stay in your part
 of the house and I in mine.
 I'll get Cal to take you upstairs.

Horace
 Regina, did you understand what happened last
 night?

Regina

I think so.

Horace

Come and look in this safe-deposit box.
Go on.

(She goes to the box and opens it.)

I had eighty-eight thousand dollars worth of bonds in that box. They're not there now.

Regina

What are you talking about?

Horace

We've invested our money in Hubbard Sons and Marshall after all.

Regina

When did you change your mind?

Horace

I didn't. It was invested for us.
Those bonds are like money.

Regina

What kind of joke are you playing now?

Horace

I sent for the box this morning.
The bonds were gone.
Eighty-eight thousand dollars gone.

Regina

Where'd they go to?

Horace

They're with Mr. Marshall, I should guess.
Leo took the bonds.

Regina

I don't believe it.

Horace

This fine gentleman,
who nearly married your daughter,
took the key, opened the box,
and stole them.
Last night, during the party.
He stole them for Oscar,
and for Ben, of course, too.
That's why Ben was so happy.

Regina *(starting to laugh)*

How could they be such fools?
This'll make a fine story —

Horace

Couldn't it?

Regina

— to hold over their heads.

Horace

Regina.
I'm not going to hold it over their heads.
I'm going to let them keep the bonds
as a loan from you.

Regina

What? Oh, no you won't.
I'll do something about that.

Horace

You won't do anything, because you can't.
I'll simply say we lent them the bonds.

Regina

You would do that?

Horace

In my new will, I'm leaving you just those bonds
and that's all.
There is nothing you can do.
I'm sick of you, I'm sick of this house,
I'm sick of my whole life here.
And I am sick of your brothers,
their small dirty tricks to make a dime.
It's about time you were stopped.
Yes, it's about time.
For you wreck the town,
you and your brothers.
You wreck the town, and live on it.
But not me. I'm dying.
It's not my fault I'm dying.
But while I live,
this is the way it's going to be.
As long as I live.

13 No.5: Regina's Aria

Regina

As long as you live...

(turning slowly towards Horace)
You hate me very much.

Horace

No.

Regina *(putting her head back and sighing)*

Oh, I think you do.
Well, we haven't been very good together.
I don't hate you either.
I have only contempt for you.
I've always had.

Horace

From the very first?

Regina

I think so.

Horace

Why did you marry me?

Regina *(leaning back)*

It took me a while to find out
I had made a mistake.
A small-town clerk then.
You haven't changed.
It was almost as if I couldn't stand
the kind of man you were.
(smiling)

I used to lie there at night —
praying you wouldn't come near me —

Horace

Really? It was as bad as that?

Regina (nodding)

Remember when I told you the doctor said there was something the matter with me, and that you shouldn't touch me?

Horace (looking away)

I remember.

Regina

You believed it. I couldn't understand that anybody could be such a soft fool. That was when I began to despise you.

(Horace puts his hand to his throat and looks at the bottle of medicine on the table.)

Horace

Why didn't you leave me?

Regina

I told you I married you for something.

This was not what I wanted, but it was something.

It was only this:

I never thought about it much, but if I had I'd have known that you would die before I would.

I couldn't have known you'd get heart trouble so early and so bad.

(Horace starts for the bottle.)

For I'm lucky, I'm lucky.

Horace, I've always been lucky.

(The bottle falls and breaks.)

Horace

The other bottle upstairs.

Regina

I'll be lucky again.

(Horace looks at her. He draws in his breath and gasps. He stares at Regina, pointing to the upstairs room where there is a second bottle. Regina has not moved. She does not move now. Suddenly, as if he understands, he makes a furious spring from the chair to the stairs; on the fourth step he slips, gasps, grasps the rail, makes a great effort to reach the landing. When he reaches the landing, he is on his knees. His knees give way. He falls on the landing, out of view. Regina has not turned during his climb up the stairs. Now she waits a second. Then she goes below the landing.)

Horace. Horace.

(When there is no answer, she calls over the railing.)

Addie! Cal! Come in here.

(Addie enters from the dining room, Cal from the kitchen. Both run towards the stairs.)

He's had an attack. Come up here.

(They run up the steps quickly.)

Cal

My God. Mr. Horace —

(They cannot be seen now.)

Regina (from the head of the stairs)

Be still, Cal. Bring him in here.

(Alexandra appears in the hall door, in her raincloak and hood. She comes into the room, suddenly looks around, sees the empty wheelchair, stares, then begins to move swiftly towards the dining room. At the same moment Addie appears on the landing. Alexandra turns and stares up at Addie who starts downstairs towards her.)

Alexandra

Addie! What?

Addie (taking Alexandra by the shoulders)

I'm sending Cal for the doctor. Come upstairs.

(Alexandra looks at her, then quickly breaks away and runs up the steps, moaning. Addie leaves. A second later, Leo appears in the hall.)

Leo

Where's everybody? Aunt Regina! Addie! Cal! Cal!

Cal (coming downstairs)

Mr. Leo. Miss Regina says you stop that screaming noise.

Mr. Horace he got an attack. He's bad.

Leo

Uncle Horace — what? But when?

(looking around wildly)

You seen Mr. Oscar? Mr. Ben?

(Cal shakes his head and moves on.)

Answer me, will you?

Cal

No, I ain't seen 'em, and I ain't got no time to answer you. *(He runs off.)*

Leo (calling after Cal)

But what's the matter with him? When did this all—

(Ben and Oscar come quickly into the room.)

14 No.6: Melodrama

Ben

Where is he?

Oscar

Cal just said it was a sudden attack, and then —

Ben
Where is he? When did it happen?

Leo
Upstairs. I just found out.

Oscar (*at the foot of the stairs, to Ben*)
You think we should go up?

Ben
I don't know. I don't know.

Oscar (*stepping down*)
But he was all right —

Ben (*seeing the box on the table*)
What's that?

Leo
What's wha —
(*He sees the box.*)
Oh, my God.

Ben
Is it?

Oscar
Is it what?

(*Leo makes a leap to the box.*)

Ben
You ass. Put it down. Don't touch it again. Is it the same box?

Leo
Of course it's the same box!

Oscar
That box — then he knows, Ben.

Ben
Shut up. I'm thinking.

Leo
You're thinking? I do the dirty work and then you —

Ben
I'm remembering that.
I'm remembering that, Leo.
Did he tell Regina?
That's what I want to know —

Leo
Sure he would have told —

(*There are footsteps above. They all stand looking at the stairs. Regina begins to come slowly down.*)

Ben
What happened?

Regina
He's had a bad attack.

Ben
How is he? Can we go up?

Regina (*shaking her head*)
He's not conscious.

Oscar
It's that bad? Where's Dr Sloan? Can't he be found quickly, just once, just once?

Regina
I don't think there's much for him to do.

Ben
Oh, don't say that.
He's come through attacks before.
Ah, you don't feel well.

Regina (*without looking at them*)
No, I don't.
Horace told me about the bonds this afternoon.

(*There is an immediate shocked silence.*)

Leo
What do you mean? What bonds?

(*Ben looks at him furiously.*)

Ben (*to Regina*)
Horace's bonds? His Union Pacific bonds?

Regina
Yes.

Oscar
Well — what about them?

Regina
He said that Leo had stolen the bonds — and given them to you.

Oscar
That's ridiculous.
Regina, absolutely —

Leo
I don't know what you're talking about.
What would I do with any bonds?
Why would I —

Regina (*to Ben*)
Isn't it enough that he stole them from me?
Do I have to listen to this in the bargain?

Oscar
You are talking —

Leo
I didn't steal anything. I don't —

Regina (*to Ben*)
Would you ask them to stop that, please?

Ben
We're starting at the wrong end, Regina.
What did Horace tell you?

Regina (*smiling at him*)
That Leo had stolen the bonds.

Leo

I didn't steal —

Regina

Please. Then he said he was going to pretend he had lent them to you — as a present from me — to my brothers. There was nothing I could do about it. So, I'm very badly off, you see. *(She smiles sadly.)*

Ben

You shouldn't feel that way. It can all be explained and adjusted. It isn't as bad —

Regina

Oh. So you, at least, admit the bonds were stolen.

Ben

I admit no such thing. Maybe Horace made up the story to punish you. Punish you. We'll have all this out on a more appropriate day. *(looking at his watch)* I think maybe we ought to drive out and see if we can get Dr. Morris.

Regina *(looking up quietly)*

I think you had better stay and sit down.

Ben

We'll be back with Dr. Morris.

(All three start for the door.)

Now don't you worry and I promise —

Regina

You will come back in this room and sit down. I have something more to say. Come back, Oscar. You too, Leo.

Ben *(turning and coming towards her)*

Since when do I take orders from you?

15 No.7: Greedy Girl

Regina *(smiling)*

You don't — yet. You are quite safe while Horace lives. But I don't think that Horace will live. And if he doesn't live, I shall want seventy-five percent in exchange for the bonds. And if I don't get it, I'm going to put the three of you in jail.

(Ben whistles.)

Ben

Greedy girl, what a greedy girl. Got a greedy guiding star. For a little girl, what a greedy girl you are. How your little voice can ring. You want so much of everything. Now a fetching smile is a catching smile, and will get you mighty far —

not that greedy look, not the greedy girl you are. Take away that horrid frown, and smooth your little forehead down. For all good looking women should display a smile, and softness and affection all the world beguile.

Listen, little girl, mind your little step, and the things you're thinking of. Tell your guiding star up above you: no one will ever love you — you greedy girl.

16 No.8: Horace's Death

Regina

I'm smiling, Ben.

Ben

On what evidence would you put Oscar and Leo in jail?

Regina *(laughing gaily)*

Oscar, listen to him. He's getting ready to swear it was you and Leo.

(Oscar turns furiously towards Ben.)

Oh, don't be angry, Oscar. I'm going to see that he goes in with you.

(Alexandra comes slowly down the steps, followed after a second by Addie who is making a keening sound.)

Ben

Try anything you like, Regina. Horace lent us those bonds, you hear me? Learn to make threats when you can carry them through. We'll say goodbye now. Take the buggy and we'll be —

(He is stopped by Addie's keening. He sees Alexandra; she walks stiffly. They all turn to look at her. As Addie reaches the foot of the steps, she looks at Regina, then turns and walks slowly to the kitchen.)

Oscar

What? Alexandra —

(She does not answer.)

My God. I didn't know. Who could've known — I didn't know he was that sick.

Ben

Seems like yesterday when he first came here.

Oscar

Yes, that's true. The whole town loved and respected him.

Alexandra *(turning)*

Did you love him, Uncle Oscar? Did you love him, Uncle Ben?

And you, Mama, did you love him?
Did you love him too?

Regina

Try to control yourself, Alexandra.

Alexandra

I'm trying. I'm trying very hard. I'm trying.
What was Papa doing on the staircase?
(*moving tensely towards Regina*)
What was Papa doing on the staircase, Mama?
What?

Regina

Go lie down, my dear.
Please. Please, Alexandra.

Alexandra

A man is sick. A man is dying.
You were with him in the room, Mama.
What was he doing on the staircase?

Regina

Please go, Alexandra.

Alexandra

I'll wait.

Regina

Go lie down.

Alexandra

I'll wait. I've plenty of time.
I'll wait.

(*Regina hesitates, then, with a small shrug, turns back to Ben.*)

Regina

Well. Ben, tomorrow —

Ben

Not in front of the child, Regina.

Regina

I didn't ask her to stay.
Tomorrow I shall go straight to court.
I shall tell the whole dirty story.
You couldn't find a jury who wouldn't
weep for a woman whose brothers
cheat and steal from her.

And you couldn't find twelve men in this
state you haven't stolen from —
and who hate you for it.

There'll be no more bargaining in this house.
I'll take my money, and we'll forget the
whole thing.

That's one way of doing it,
the way I prefer.

But you know me well enough
to know I don't mind taking the other way.
Oh, you're getting old, Ben.

Your tricks are not so smart any more.

Really, I'm ashamed of you.

All right. That's that.

I take it you're agreed, one and all,
and I get what I want.

As long as you boys behave,
the conversation is closed, forever.

Ben

None of us has ever known you well enough,
Regina.

Oscar (*to Ben*)

Are you going to let her do this?

Ben (*turning to him slowly*)

You have a suggestion?

Regina (*stretching her arms above her head*)

No, he hasn't. Now Leo, I've forgotten
everything.

(*Leo stares, starts for the door and leaves.*)

(*to Ben and Oscar*)

You can draw up the papers tomorrow.

(*Oscar moves to the door angrily. Regina looks at Ben, nods, laughs with him. Oscar leaves.*)

You're a good loser, Ben. I like that.

(*Ben picks up his coat and turns towards her.*)

Ben

Well, I ask myself, what good will it do
to get mad and tear my hair?

You and I ain't sour people like Oscar there.

We don't aim to fret and stew.

We got good digestions too.

If I lose my shirt, then I lose my shirt,
and I move to a new affair.

I was never one to discourage or despair.
The century is turning,
opening up so big, so grand,
and hundreds of Hubbards just like us
will own this land.

(*looking at Alexandra*)

Alexandra's right. What's a sick man doing on a
staircase, anyway?

Now I smile as I ask such a question.

That's just my good digestion...

See you tomorrow, Regina?

Regina

Oh yes, certainly.
You'll be sort of working for me now.

Ben

Ha!

(*smiling as he passes Alexandra*)

Alexandra, you're turning out to be
a right interesting girl.

(*looking at Regina*)

Well, goodnight, all.

(*He leaves.*)

17 No.9: Finale

Regina

What do you want to talk to me about,
Alexandra?

Alexandra

It's stopped raining.

Regina (staring at her)
What?

Alexandra

Oh, all in one day.
Yes, all in one single day.
Oh, now I see what he tried to say.
And all in one day.
Some people eat all the earth.
Some stand around and watch —
and watch them.
Away — I'm going away.

Regina

Alexandra, you're acting very strange. Not like yourself. You've had a bad shock today, I know that. But you knew how sick he was.

Alexandra

I knew. We all knew.

(From outside comes the sound of the drums and marching rag of the Angel Band.)

I'm not staying with you, Mama.

Regina

You're very upset.

Alexandra

I mean what I say. With all my heart.

(Addie enters. Outside, Jazz and the Chorus start to sing.)

Jazz

Do you love ev'rybody?

Chorus

Certainly, Lord.

Regina

We'll talk about it tomorrow. I think the morning will make a difference.

Jazz

Do you love ev'rybody?

Chorus

Certainly, Lord.

Jazz

Do you love ev'rybody?

Alexandra

It won't make any difference.

Chorus

Certainly, Lord.
Certainly, certainly, certainly, Lord.

Jazz

Is your soul mighty happy?

Alexandra

I am going away from you.
Because I want to.
Because I know Papa would want me to.

Chorus

Certainly, Lord.

Jazz

Is your soul mighty happy?

Chorus

Certainly, Lord.

Jazz

Is your soul mighty happy?

Chorus

Certainly, Lord.
Certainly, certainly, certainly, Lord.

Regina

You know your Papa wanted you to go away from me?

Alexandra

Yes.

Jazz

Do you love ev'rybody?

Chorus

Certainly, Lord. Certainly, Lord.
Certainly, Lord.

Regina

Alexandra — if I say no?

Alexandra

Say it, Mama. Say it, oh, say it.
And see what happens.
Away — I'm going away.

Regina

Well, you do have spirit after all.
I don't want us to be bad friends, Alexandra.
(She starts up, stops and turns to Alexandra.)
Would you —
would you like to come and sleep
in my room tonight?

Jazz

Is a new day a-coming?

Chorus

Certainly, Lord.

Alexandra

What's the matter, Mama?

Jazz

Is a new day a-coming?

Chorus

Certainly, Lord.

Alexandra

Are you afraid, Mama?

*(Regina moves towards Alexandra; they meet.
Then Regina turns to the stairs and starts going*

up. Alexandra goes to Addie. The sound of Jazz
and the Chorus is now very close and very loud.)

Jazz

Is a new day a-coming?

Chorus

Certainly, Lord.

Certainly, certainly, certainly, Lord.

*Text reproduced by kind permission
of the Tams-Witmark Music Library Inc.*

Producer: Michael Haas

Assistant producer: Christopher Pope

Engineers: Stanley Goodall, Jonathan Stokes

Tape editor: Nigel Gayler

This recording was made in Govan Town Hall, Glasgow, on 17-25 May 1991,

and was monitored using B & W Loudspeakers

Publisher: Tams-Witmark Music Library Inc.

Research assistance: Keith Wiggs

Music preparation: Steven D. Bowen

Slip case/booklet cover photo: © 1992 Comstock Inc.

Art direction: David Smart

the Reverend goes to Adrie. The sound of jazz
and the Chorus is now very clear and very loud!

Jazz
It's a new day a coming!

Change
seriously, Loft,
seriously, seriously, seriously, Loft.

Text reproduced by kind permission
of the Tams-Wiemack Music Library Inc.

Producer: Michael Haas

Assistant producer: Christopher Pope

Engineers: Stanley Goodall, Jonathan Stokoe

Gate editor: Nigel Gayle

This recording was made in Gower Tower, Hall, Glasgow on 17/25 May 1971,

and was monitored using B & W Loudspeakers.

Publisher: Tams-Wiemack Music Library Inc.

Reverend assistance: Keith Wiggs

Music preparation: Susan D. Brown

Big tape/cover/cover photo: © 1992 Capetock, Inc.

Art direction: David Small

THE
[Illegible text]

[Illegible text]

[Illegible text]

[Illegible text]

[Illegible text]

[Illegible text]

[Illegible text]

[Illegible text]

[Illegible text]

[Illegible text]

[Illegible text]

[Illegible text]



Das Compact Disc Digital Audio System bietet die bestmögliche Klangwiedergabe — auf einem kleinen, handlichen Tonträger.

Die überlegene Eigenschaft der Compact Disc beruht auf der Kombination von Laser-Abtastung und digitaler Wiedergabe. Die von der Compact Disc gebotene Qualität ist somit unabhängig von dem technischen Verfahren, das bei der Aufnahme eingesetzt wurde. Auf der Rückseite der Verpackung kennzeichnet ein Code aus drei Buchstaben die Technik, die bei den drei Stationen Aufnahme, Schnitt/Abmischung und Überspielung zum Einsatz gekommen ist:

DDD Digitales Tonbandgerät bei der Aufnahme, bei Schnitt und/oder Abmischung, bei der Überspielung.

ADD Analoges Tonbandgerät bei der Aufnahme; digitales Tonbandgerät bei Schnitt und/oder Abmischung und bei der Überspielung.

AAD Analoges Tonbandgerät bei der Aufnahme und bei Schnitt und/oder Abmischung; digitales Tonbandgerät bei der Überspielung. Die Compact Disc sollte mit der gleichen Sorgfalt gelagert und behandelt werden wie die konventionelle Langspielplatte.

Eine Reinigung erübrigt sich, wenn die Compact Disc nur am Rande angefaßt und nach dem Abspielen sofort wieder in die Spezialverpackung zurückgelegt wird. Sollte die Compact Disc Spuren von Fingerabdrücken, Staub oder Schmutz aufweisen, ist sie mit einem sauberen, fusselfreien, weichen und trockenen Tuch (geradlinig von der Mitte zum Rand) zu reinigen. Bitte keine Lösungs- oder Scheuermittel verwenden!

Bei Beachtung dieser Hinweise wird die Compact Disc ihre Qualität dauerhaft bewahren.

The Compact Disc Digital Audio System offers the best possible sound reproduction — on a small, convenient sound-carrier unit.

The Compact Disc's superior performance is the result of laser-optical scanning combined with digital playback, and is independent of the technology used in making the original recording.

The recording technology is identified on the back cover by a three-letter code:

DDD Digital tape recorder used during session recording, mixing and/or editing, and mastering (transcription).

ADD Analogue tape recorder used during session recording; digital tape recorder used during subsequent mixing and/or editing and during mastering (transcription).

AAD Analogue tape recorder used during session recording and subsequent mixing and/or editing; digital tape recorder used during mastering (transcription).

In storing and handling the Compact Disc, you should apply the same care as with conventional records.

No further cleaning will be necessary if the Compact Disc is always held by the edges and is replaced in its case directly after playing. Should the Compact Disc become soiled by fingerprints, dust or dirt, it can be wiped (always in a straight line, from centre to edge) with a clean and lint-free, soft, dry cloth. No solvent or abrasive cleaner should ever be used on the disc.

If you follow these suggestions, the Compact Disc will provide a lifetime of pure listening enjoyment.

WARNING: All rights reserved. Unauthorized copying, reproduction, hiring, lending, public performance and broadcasting prohibited. Licences for public performance or broadcasting may be obtained from Phonographic Performance Ltd., Ganton House, 14-22 Ganton Street, London W1V 1LB. In the United States of America unauthorized reproduction of this recording is prohibited by Federal law and subject to criminal prosecution.

Le système Compact Disc Digital Audio permet la meilleure reproduction sonore possible à partir d'un support de son de format réduit et pratique.

Les remarquables performances du Compact Disc sont le résultat de la combinaison unique du système numérique et de la lecture laser optique, indépendamment des différentes techniques appliquées lors de l'enregistrement. Ces techniques sont identifiées au verso de la couverture par un code à trois lettres:

DDD Utilisation d'un magnétophone numérique pendant les séances d'enregistrement, le mixage et/ou le montage et la gravure.

ADD Utilisation d'un magnétophone analogique pendant les séances d'enregistrement, utilisation d'un magnétophone numérique pendant le mixage et/ou le montage et la gravure.

AAD Utilisation d'un magnétophone analogique pendant les séances d'enregistrement et le mixage et/ou le montage, utilisation d'un magnétophone numérique pendant la gravure.

Pour obtenir les meilleurs résultats, il est indispensable d'apporter le même soin dans le rangement et la manipulation du Compact Disc qu'avec le disque microsillon.

Il n'est pas nécessaire d'effectuer de nettoyage particulier si le disque est toujours tenu par les bords et est replacé directement dans son boîtier après l'écoute. Si le Compact Disc porte des traces d'empreintes digitales, de poussière ou autres, il peut être essuyé, toujours en ligne droite, du centre vers les bords, avec un chiffon propre, doux et sec qui ne s'effiloche pas. Tout produit nettoyant, solvant ou abrasif doit être pros crit. Si ces instructions sont respectées, le Compact Disc vous donnera une parfaite et durable restitution sonore.

Il sistema audio-digitale del Compact Disc offre la migliore riproduzione del suono su un piccolo e comodo supporto. La superiore qualità del Compact Disc è il risultato della scansione con l'ottica laser, combinata con la riproduzione digitale ed è indipendente dalla tecnica di registrazione utilizzata in origine.

Questa tecnica di registrazione è identificata sul retro della confezione da un codice di tre lettere:

DDD Si riferisce all'uso del registratore digitale durante le sedute di registrazione, mixing e/o editing, e masterizzazione.

ADD Sta ad indicare l'uso del registratore analogico durante le sedute di registrazione, e del registratore digitale per il successivo mixing e/o editing e per la masterizzazione.

AAD Riguarda l'uso del registratore analogico durante le sedute di registrazione e per il successivo mixing e/o editing, e del registratore digitale per la masterizzazione.

Per una migliore conservazione, nel trattamento del Compact Disc, è opportuno usare la stessa cura riservata ai dischi tradizionali.

Non sarà necessaria nessuna ulteriore pulizia, se il Compact Disc verrà sempre preso per il bordo e rimesso subito nella sua custodia dopo l'ascolto. Se il Compact Disc dovesse sporcarsi con impronte digitali, polvere o sporcizia in genere, potrà essere pulito con un panno asciutto, pulito, soffice e senza sfilacciature, sempre dal centro al bordo, in linea retta. Nessun solvente o pulitore abrasivo deve essere mai usato sul disco.

Seguendo questi consigli, il Compact Disc fornirà, per la durata di una vita, il godimento del puro ascolto.

Blitzstein
Regina
Prologue · Act One
Act Two, Scene 1

Ciesinski · Ramey · Réaux
John Mauceri

1
LONDON

10 S-E18 EEA

MADE IN USA

All rights reserved. Unauthorized copying, reproduction, hiring,
lending, public performance and broadcasting prohibited.
The Decca Record Company Limited, London.

© 1992 The Decca Record Company Limited, London

STEREO Made in USA

(Set 433 812-2)

433 813-2

COMPACT
disc
DIGITAL AUDIO

1C 0171

Blitzstein
Regina
Act Two, Scene 2
Act Three

Ciesinski · Ramey · Réaux
John Mauceri

2



All rights reserved. Unauthorized copying, reproduction, hiring,
lending, public performance and broadcasting prohibited.
The Decca Record Company Limited, London.

© 1992 The Decca Record Company Limited, London

STEREO Made in USA

(Set 433 812-2)

433 814-2

COMPACT
disc
DIGITAL AUDIO

